Week ending September 11 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

MAGGIE WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

A HEART-WARMING STORY
by PIA AINSWORTH

. . and Hovis and butter for tea . .

SUSAN is certainly interested in *how* to serve the tea. But more interested still in *what* there is to eat. Tea in Susan's language is not so much a drink as a meal. For her, tea isn't tea at all, unless there's Hovis and butter as well.

But Susan's mother knows that there are other reasons besides its exciting taste for having Hovis—and for making sure the whole family has some every day.

Hovis is full of wheatgerm—the real heart of the wheat . . . and that's what makes it so nourishing. When you have Hovis you're having between 8 and 9 times more wheatgerm than you'd be getting even in wholemeal bread. So it really is important to

have some Hovis—every day

When he bakes your Hovis loaf, your baker uses Hovis flour, follows the Hovis recipe and bakes it in the special Hovis tins. That's why you always get fresh Hovis all over the country.

CORNS

Dr Scholl's SUPER-FAST RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl's Super-Soft Zino-pads stop corn pain at once. End pressure and friction. Protect sore toes. Medicated disks in every packet loosen corns for easy removal. 1/-, 1/11 pkt. Chemists, shoe dealers, stores, Scholl Depots. Also sizes for callouses, bunions, soft corns.

For Callouses *For Bunions.* *For Soft Corns*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Mother—protect your children against all risk of head troubles

A fortnightly application of SULEO Hair Emulsion will completely protect your child.

When "unwelcome strangers" are discovered, all members of the family should use SULEO to prevent the condition spreading.

SULEO hair emulsion

Obtainable from all Chemists, in bottles sufficient for six treatments at 2/-.

A JEYES' PRODUCT

Caley au lait Caley au lait-itee

Centres, but *such* centres —Raspberry Cream, Soft Toffee, Caramel, Truffle, Cracknel and six more besides! And the chocolate covering—rich, full-cream milk chocolate and plenty of it! It's well worth a dizzy little ditty of delight: Caley au lait, delicious Dari-Rich —happy, happy daze!

CALEY

make wonderful chocolates

DR8

A. J. CALEY LTD, NORWICH

EDITORIAL

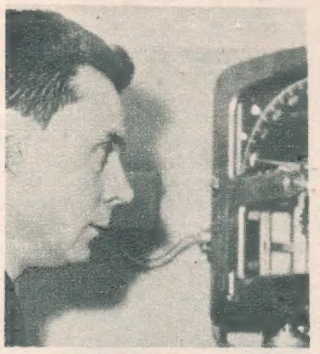
Clear the lines!

HENRI MAGNAUDEIX, a thirty-three year old French engine-driver, slowly moved over the controlling handle of engine CC-7121 on February 21 this year, and smashed the world railway speed record. His electric train sped between two stations at an average of 147½ miles an hour, touching 151 on the way.

A newspaper photographer who had chartered an aeroplane found himself left behind.

This was no flash in the pan. Every day, sixty electric trains rush between Paris, Dijon and Lyons at a speed of eighty-seven miles an hour.

BRITAIN, too, used to be proud of the high speeds of its express trains. We held the record in 1938, when the L.N.E.R.'s Mallard went at 126 m.p.h. In those days, 110 of our regular expresses averaged sixty miles an hour or more from start to stop. Now only forty-seven manage that speed.



HENRI MAGNAUDEIX
The aeroplane was left behind

French travellers are far more certain to arrive when the time-table promises than we are. Eighty-five per cent of their express trains are on time or early. Only forty-nine per cent of ours manage to get there on time.

The British Transport Commission is supposed to run our railways on behalf of the passengers. It must learn how to do it properly.

TO get their trains there on time, French crews are given the incentive of a bonus for making up lost minutes. Self-recording speed indicators ensure that they are not reckless in doing so.

French State Railways are electrifying their main lines. We are still mainly relying on our dwindling coal. This is wasteful. It is estimated that only one shovelful of coal out of twenty drives the wheels; the rest is lost up the smokestack.

IN 1844, the 4.50 a.m. train went from Paddington to Exeter in four hours thirty-five minutes, with four stops. In 1954, the 9.30 a.m. takes three hours twenty-two minutes, with three stops—an improvement of thirteen and a half miles an hour in 110 years.

General Sir Brian Robertson, head of the Transport Commission, is reputed to be a far-sighted leader. But to the man-in-the-train his Commission's thinking often seems as antiquated as some of its rolling stock.

Passengers have come to regard their railways as something that cannot be improved in spite of rising fares. It is time to look across the Channel to the achievements of Henri Magnaudeix and his colleagues—and change our minds.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN will grown-ups grow up? It's the same with all the real pleasures of life. In summer, when you want to run barefooted and bare-backed in the grass, you have to wear shoes and a stuffy shirt and jacket. When it rains, you're taken to a shop to buy a pair of wellingtons—and then you get into trouble just because you test them for leaks. Gerald Fancett's cover is painted from life; this year, he had plenty of opportunities.

MAGGIE WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

All action, no waste! A tin of Gibbs is *concentrated* dentifrice in solid block form—whereas a tube of toothpaste must contain extra ingredients just to make it 'squeezable'. Virtually all of Gibbs works hard but gently—attacking germs, removing film, keeping your teeth sparkling white, your gums healthy, your mouth refreshed.

Gibbs lasts twice as long as toothpaste! With *concentrated* Gibbs you can clean your teeth twice a day for as little as 1d. a week.

Gibbs with chlorophyll, too! If you prefer Gibbs with chlorophyll, ask for it by name: *Gibbs Chlorophyll Dentifrice.* Look for the immaculate white tin.

NO WONDER
MORE FAMILIES
USE
GIBBS
THAN ANY
TOOTHPASTE

GD/364R/541.

Home made pickles are nicer—
and *much* cheaper, too!

This year, why not make your own pickles? It's so simple, providing you always use genuine malt vinegar. Only full strength vinegar keeps the pickle ingredients crisp and firm. When you buy your vinegar insist on Sarsons Virgin Malt Vinegar, it's brewery bottled, which means it keeps better and lasts longer. Ask for Sarson's and be certain you have got the best.

TRY PICKLING ONIONS LIKE THIS —
You need:— Button onions, Sarson's Vinegar, 2 tsp. allspice and 2 tsp. peppercorns to each qt. of vinegar (or ask for Sarson's ready-spiced vinegar). Skin onions, place on dishes, cover with salt. Leave overnight, then drain off brine: dry onions, place in jars. Boil vinegar for 15 mins., cool, and pour into jars. Cover, store for 3 weeks.

SARSON'S VIRGIN VINEGAR
best for pickling because it's brewery bottled

'No! No! it couldn't be true—not my baby'

ANOTHER magnificent issue of WOMAN, the world's greatest weekly for women—enlarged to 64 big pages, including pages of glorious full-colour—presents to its millions of readers one of the most moving human stories of our time.

THE MIRACLE OF ANGELA

Terribly afflicted, paralysed from birth, baby Angela seemed to have little chance of living beyond babyhood. But her distraught parents refused to abandon hope. Their successful struggle to bring their child health and happiness is told by the mother herself, in a moving series in WOMAN. This story of a young mother's determined courage will make you feel humble—and proud to be a woman.

There are many other good things. Don't miss the first view of WOMAN'S new cookery unit with the Wooden Spoon Club in action—**it's all in colour!** There's a new two-colour twinset to knit, wonderful pattern offers, advice on how to use lipstick . . . in all—a super-value issue you must order at once.

PRIVILEGE-PRICE PRESENTATION OFFER:

Boots No. 7 Lipstick, in a neat gilt case, and a choice of four colours, including one completely new fashion shade. Offered to you *at the exceptional bargain price of only* 1/- *post free.*

64 BIG PAGES

Woman

OUT THURSDAY – SEPTEMBER 16th – 4½d.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
SEPT. 11, 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2515 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

A new hat—or a glass of wine?

AS welfare officer of a firm employing a large number of men and women, I was surprised to find when we took a census that many more women than men use the office canteen.

All the women earn good wages—in some cases higher than the men—but even the most highly-paid seem to find canteen meals satisfactory. Nearly all the men, on the other hand, have lunch outside—often at fairly expensive restaurants.

When I commented on this to one of the men, he said: "We only use the canteen when we're in a hurry. It's a joy to have a really good meal, no matter what it costs."

A woman executive told me: "Most of us would rather keep our money for other things. A new hat bucks us up far more than a glass of wine and a juicy steak."

When I told my wife about this, she commented: "Just like the men! They think only of their own pleasure, while we try to look nice to please others."—J. W. T., London.

Cream Laid On

CHILDREN today are certainly not always very enthusiastic about the return of prewar delicacies ("Free Speech," August 21). To celebrate the return of fresh cream I made a most lavish trifle for my three small sons. When I served it, there were expressions of genuine disappointment on their faces. One of them said: "Please give us some cream from the packet—you know, the kind you mix with water."—MRS. DOREEN WARNER, Macklin Street, Derby.

Easter Egg Cure

WHEN I was staying in the French countryside recently, the daughter of my hosts was taken ill. As a cure, her mother gave her an egg that had been laid on Good Friday, and the next day the girl had quite recovered. I offer no comment on this, but the belief is widespread in some country districts of France that an egg laid on Good Friday will never go bad and has miraculous powers of healing. People who keep chickens are often begged to put one or two Good Friday eggs aside. — MRS. MARIAN DESCHAMPS, Southwell Park Road, Camberley, Surrey.

Sounding The Alarm

A PAIR of blackbirds have been nesting in a bundle of faggots stacked in our garden. For some time I fed them with breadcrumbs until they became quite friendly, and when I took a peep into their nest I was delighted to see that they had a family of five. One night soon after the youngsters had hatched, both birds flew on to our window sill and began tapping on the glass. In the garden my husband and I saw a rat running away with one of the young birds. We took the nest into our scullery, where the blackbirds tended their young until all were old enough to fly.—MRS. H. INGRAM, Little Bredy, Dorchester, Dorset.

Journey's End

FOR many years we have spent our summer holidays touring the countryside in a gipsy caravan. We bought it quite cheaply because the gipsies said it was haunted by the ghost of a woman who once owned it, and that it should have been burned when she died. One day we returned from a ramble to see the caravan on fire. All our belongings were destroyed. In the ashes I found a small iron box full of gold, jewellery and money—far more than we had paid for the caravan. But we never discovered how the fire had started. — R. CHAMBERFIELD, Springburn, Glasgow.

The Romany custom of burning the caravan of a gipsy who dies is still observed. After the burial of sixty-seven year old Mrs. Lana Gardner at Iver, Buckinghamshire, recently, relatives stood solemnly by while her caravan was destroyed. First, her possessions were loaded into it, the wheels were removed and the caravan was turned on to its side. The open door was covered by

a white cloth, and a flaming rope was used by one of her five sons to start the blaze shown in the photograph. According to gipsy custom nothing can be inherited. Pots, pans and other possessions which would not burn were buried secretly, where no one will find them.

Silver Lining

I MOVED from the South of England a few months ago and am now working on a farm. I was surprised to hear, during a recent thunderstorm, a farmworker say that lightning ripens the corn. I wonder if there is any truth in this.—MISS R. E. NEWSTEAD, Swallow, Lincolnshire.

Lightning, say experts, does not ripen corn, but it helps to promote growth in plants. It forces oxygen and nitrogen to combine in the air, and the chemicals formed turn into nitrates when washed into the soil by rain.

That's Better

WHEN I asked for four feet of a plastic material in a big store recently, I was told it was sold only in yards. I asked for one and a third yards, and the assistant served me.—MRS. R. M. HARRISON, North Close, Kirk Merrington, Ferryhill, County Durham.

The Birds And Bees

I WAS interested to read in "A Thing To Love" (August 21) of a bird that warns bees when their hive is in danger. I wonder if the author is confusing the habits of the honey-guide, which is said to attract human beings and to lead them to the hives of wild bees. The bird does so deliberately, hoping that when the hives have been robbed of their honey it will be able to feast on the wax. A Rhodesian fable says that a little brown bird

Continued on page 6

Regal with fruit . . .
that's where Regal really comes into its own. Pour it straight from the tin to use as cream over fruit. Regal is rich, pure English milk evaporated to a creamy consistency It brings out the flavour of fruit and adds to the food value. The slogan with all fruit—fresh, bottled or canned—is 'Regal's supreme, use it as cream.'

REGAL EVAPORATED

the milk you can use as cream

Regal is good for so many things:

PUDDINGS & SWEETS Rice pudding made with Regal is a joy. Try it with tapioca, semolina, macaroni, with golden pudding—any pudding requiring milk is better for using Regal. For sweets, blancmange, moulds, jellies and the like it is superb. CEREALS There is never enough cream on the milk for all the family. Instead, pour Regal over the cereals. It makes a delicious and sustaining breakfast. SOUPS whether home-made or canned are improved by Regal. Vegetable soup, lentil soup, pea soup, cream of barley, potato soup—try Regal with them all. BEVERAGES Regal may be used straight from the tin for tea, coffee or chocolate and is excellent instead of cream.

. . . now on sale everywhere

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LIMITED · TROWBRIDGE · WILTS

Pick a wizard for wear

Since boys will be boys, we've made this smart pullover extra hard-wearing. It is Pick No. 873 in sizes for boys aged 6 to 16— there's either a V neck or a roll collar. Good outfitters and drapers keep these and a big choice of other Pick knitted garments.

PICK KNITWEAR

Pick the garment with this label

J PICK & SONS LIMITED LEICESTER Pes

IT'S A JOY!

Lingerie in 'Celanese' TRADE MARK

DE LUXE tricot

A JOY TO BUY. You can walk confidently into any shop and ask for Lingerie in 'Celanese' De Luxe Tricot—knowing that you are not walking into a frightening expense. For all these lovely garments are reasonably priced.

A JOY TO WEAR. Nothing, no nothing is so comfortable as this smooth, sleek Lingerie. It just glides over the body.

A JOY TO WASH. Easy to wash. Fast to dry—and a touch with the iron quickly brings back its fresh perfection.

Of superb quality—Lingerie in 'Celanese' DE LUXE Tricot wears and wears.

THIS IS THE LABEL THAT SAYS *Buy me!*

AS IN THE CASE OF FLIGHT SERGEANT DONALD BARBER ★

(who is still keen on the job after 18 years)

There's a place for the best in the

R·A·F

Flight Sergeant Donald Barber is the senior radio N.C.O. of the Bomber Command station at Wyton where he is responsible for the radio efficiency of Squadrons of Canberras. During his career in the Royal Air Force, Flight Sergeant Barber has mastered all the most advanced radio techniques and acquired a degree of skill that will always make his services valuable both in and out of the R.A.F. Wisely he has signed on for a long service career which ensures him a valuable pension on retirement. Aged 36, Barber has been married 8 years and has a daughter of 5. He lives in married quarters provided by the R.A.F. for which he pays 15/6d a week rent out of his £13 a week pay. "They are good quarters," he adds. After 18 years in the Service, Barber still says, "It's a job I know and the job I like." And it's a job you'll like too. Why not send the coupon *now* and find out about all the many advantages of life in the Ground Trades of the Royal Air Force?

★ *Flt. Sergeant Barber's own story*

a place for hobbies, too

There are endless opportunities in the R.A.F. to take part in sports and hobbies of every kind at home and abroad. Barber owns a television set, is a keen stamp collector and regularly plays in the station Badminton team.

TO: ROYAL AIR FORCE (J.B. 133), VICTORY HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send details of careers in Ground Trades in the R.A.F.
(Applicants from British Isles only)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....AGE.....

* If you are 14-17—and keen—join the Air Training Corps. *

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

once found a dead elephant, and decided to make a home of the carcass. It flew away to call relatives and friends. When it returned, it found a mouse in occupation. The two wrangled and fought, and then took the dispute to a judge—a bee. The bee gave judgment for the mouse and, from that day, bees and birds have been bitter enemies. The birds seek revenge by leading men—and honey badgers—to the bees' home.—N. W. FLOWERS, Pelton, Chester-le-Street, County Durham.

Forged To Fit

YOUNG men today are undoubtedly taller and heavier than those of past generations ("Free Speech," August 14). When I visited Arundel Castle recently I was surprised to see that the armour displayed there is so small. I did not see a suit to fit a man taller than 5 ft. 4 in., and chest measurements also seemed very slight. — J. W. WILLIAMS, Dene Road, Headington, Oxford.

The average size of men of past generations was undoubtedly less than that of men today. But suits of armour can give little help in assessing that size accurately. Exceptionally large armours are not unusual. The Tower of London collection includes one suit of 6 ft. 10½ in., and also the armours of Henry VIII, which are more than six feet tall.

One On The House

WATCHING builders at work the other day, I heard the foreman chastise some men for being late. They replied that nowadays they did not get the usual "foondin' pint," and were begrudged time off to buy themselves one. I have heard many stories from my family, who were in the building trade, about money disbursed to the men so that they could celebrate the laying of a building's foundations. I myself have a memento of the erection of Lauder Ha', home of the late Sir Harry Lauder. My uncle built the house, and Sir Harry gave him some money to be divided among the men for the customary drink. As my father and uncle did not share the "foondin' money," Sir Harry gave them a postcard, since passed on to me, on which he had made a lightning sketch of himself. I believe Sir Harry was one of the last people to follow the old custom of paying for the founding pint. — MRS. AGNES R. SCOTT, Meikle Earnock, Hamilton.

By Instalments

THE farmworker who drew his wages only once a year ("Free Speech," August 14) was not alone in waiting a long time between pay days. In the north of Scotland some years ago it was the custom to pay farmworkers every six months.—MISS A. WILSON, Ashford, Kent.

Scottish farmworkers seeking jobs often attended gatherings known as feeing fairs. At these, if engaged by a farmer, they would be taken on for six months and given a token payment of a few shillings. At the end of six months they would receive the balance of their wages. Feeing fairs are still held in some parts of northern Scotland.

Down To Earth

I REMEMBER vividly the first jump made by Benny Lynch from an ejector seat (JOHN BULL, August 14). I sighed with relief when his parachute opened and he floated safely down. Many times I saw dummies bounce high in the air when, in tests, the parachutes failed—J. I. LEWIS, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire.

The Squatter

DURING one of the few warm nights we have had this summer, I heard what sounded like a muffled cough coming from my garden. As I was

alone in the house I left investigation until the morning. I got up early and went into the garden, and was startled to find a cyclist asleep in a deck-chair. He said he became so tired of going from door to door seeking accommodation that when he saw the chair he decided to take that rather than risk another refusal. I invited him in and gave him a good breakfast.—MRS. MABEL A. WRIGHT, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot, Devon.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

Coming soon in John Bull

ARCTIC DOCTOR

Dr. Moody and his daughter

A gripping record of Dr. J. P. Moody's medical work and adventures in the barren North

Further details next week

Y'S MEN WEAR Y-FRONT!

look good..feel good..be twice the man in

Cooper's

Y-FRONT

REGD. & PATENTED

the first and finest men's support underwear

The modern conception of underwear comfort . . . trim, snug, absorbent, hygienic . . . sized to fit YOU. No buttons, no tapes, easy to launder, and with the unique Y-Front support construction. ***SHORTS AND SINGLETS (as on left) IN PANEL RIB OR COTTON MESH.***

Alternative styles in Panel Rib Cotton

Short sleeved Vests and Midways

ALL SIZES - ALL STYLES

6/6

PER GARMENT

Y-FRONT IS MADE ONLY BY Lyle and Scott OF SCOTTISH KNITWEAR FAME

Our happy family shoe shop-*where we can AFFORD to choose*

SHOES FOR THE 'MENFOLK'

Burlington ★ FOR ME

B4762 Autumn's favourite Derby shoe. The handsome polished leather, large punching and matched welt add attraction to this sturdy shoe. Leather sole and heel. Medium brown or black. Sizes 6–11, 6½–9½.

39/9

Helter Skelter ★ FOR ME

FROM **32/9**

D6008 Highly polished Box Oxford, a semi-brogue, finished with smart punching. The stout leather lining and durable resin-rubber soles back the sturdy good-looks. Black or Tan. Sizes 2-5½ **32/9** 6, 6½, 7 **36/9**

The family budget won't have to stretch very far to include a pair of Helter Skelter shoes for Junior and Burlington for Dad. Only our maker-to-wearer prices can offer economy with such high quality.

BEST VALUE FOR THE MEN – AND FOR US TOO!

FREEMAN HARDY & WILLIS

★ REGD. BRAND NAME

VISIT YOUR LOCAL BRANCH—or if unable to do so, order by post stating style, size, colour and enclose remittance plus 1/- postage to F.H.W., Walnut St., Leicester.

Fresh...fresh! freshen your home with ZAL

The first thing you notice about ZAL disinfectant is the fresh tang of real pines. It's the disinfectant that brings open air freshness home to you. Remember to buy a bottle today. Just as soon as you open it you can tell—

ZAL spreads its healthy freshness *—instantly*

BIG VALUE BOTTLE **1/-** *EXTRA LARGE SIZE* **1/6**

All the family look to INGERSOLL

JEWELLED FOR ACCURACY AND LONG LIFE

For lasting reliability—a wrist-watch *must* have a jewel at each of its vital bearings—especially those of the balance wheel. Nothing can take the place of these essential jewels in ensuring accuracy and long life. Every Ingersoll wrist-watch runs on jewelled bearings.

for elegance

This men's model has 5 jewel shock protected movement and golden finish dust resistant case with stainless steel back. Smart etched dial. Only 70/-. Other jewelled-movement wrist-watches from 42/6. Centre-seconds models from 60/-.

for beauty

This new Ingersoll ladies' wrist-watch is Swiss-made, has 15 jewels and is up-to-the-second in fashion. Yet it costs only 130/-. Other models from 85/- to 175/-, in chrome or golden finish.

for sturdiness

Here's a tough, reliable watch with a reputation for keeping good time. It can be yours for only 23/9—and there are other models to choose from including action watches for boys at 28/9 and a gold plated model at 50/-.

Choose one from your Jewellers

INGERSOLL

—the RIGHT TIME to buy!

All-in free-service guarantee, mainspring included!

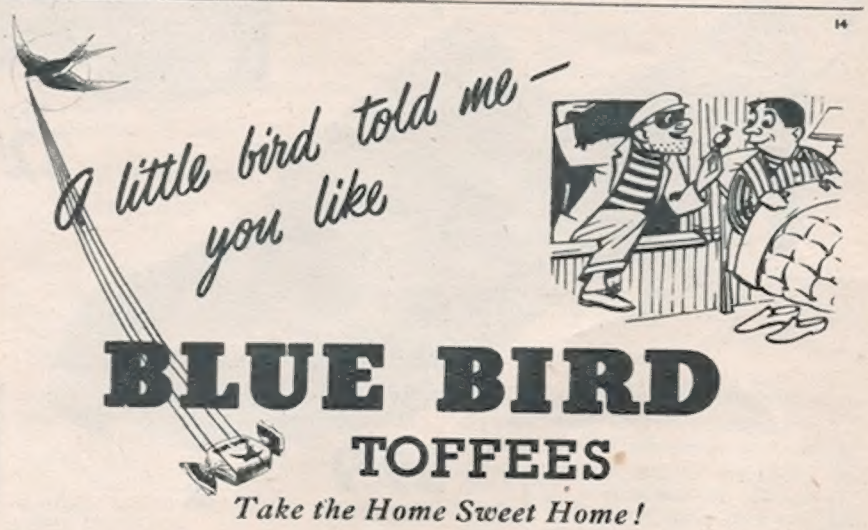
Write for details to: INGERSOLL LTD · 73 INGERSOLL HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON

A fat chance of slimming

It isn't . . . it can't be Sally Brown!
Well, it is, darling. Why the surprise?
I never saw such a change in anyone. You've got so slim!
Yes, I suppose I have. I can't have seen you since Mary Smith's party when that new doctor's wife was telling me all about it.
No riddles now. What "it"?
Well, you know I'd resigned myself to middle age spread and putting on an inch a year until I got to 80 or so?
I do indeed—and I with you.
Anyway, I was airing the awful possibility to this woman and saying "Wait till you get to my age" and it turned out she was five years older and just looked the picture of youth because she uses a Rallie Health Belt. It's the most marvellous home massage treatment you can imagine. Well, you can see what it's done for me.
I can certainly do that. But how does it work?
The easiest thing in the world—a belt that you put on and manipulate for precisely five minutes a day. No violent exercise —no diet—and all finished and done with first thing in the morning or last thing at night.
If it can do half as much for me, I can't wait to get one.
And I feel so much fitter. John's so impressed he's started using it too.
Honestly! All I want to know is—how can I get one?
You just write for their illustrated booklet to

Rallie Health Appliances Ltd. (Dept. 132P.)
314 Euston Road, London. N.W.1

14



BLUE BIRD TOFFEES

Take the Home Sweet Home!

HARRY VINCENT LTD. HUNNINGTON, nr BIRMINGHAM

The priest was perplexed. "What would her father say?" he asked. "If I was to marry you, there'd be blue murder in Bean Street this very night"

Light me a candle

by JERRARD TICKELL and EWAN BUTLER

They had made a solemn vow: there would be no secrets between them. But now he must leave her, perhaps for ever—leave her with a lie

IN THE MONTH of April, 1914, Maisie Clark, of Streatham, London, daughter of a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards, was a nurserymaid to the Signora Contessa, who lived in an old grey castle on the hillside over the village of Puligia in Southern Italy. Respectable, refined and contemptuous of foreigners, Maisie ventured out one night when the moon was full and heard a man singing in the olive grove. She followed the sound of his voice and met Enrico Cantorelli, son of the local innkeeper.

Within a matter of days, the Contessa's private chaplain was confronted with a startling request. The young Enrico, a robust, muscular Catholic, wished to marry this thin, sun-starved, Anglican Englishwoman. As the threat of war hung like a thundercloud over Europe, please would the Father perform the ceremony at once?

Great Britain and Italy were allies then. Enrico went into the army and, during a leave in 1917, begot a son. Vittorio was born in 1918. Maisie Cantorelli had always wanted any child of hers to be brought up in England and thus, in 1920, the little family left Italy to settle in London and open the Ristorante Cantorelli at Number 9 Bean Street, Soho, W.1.

When C.Q.M.S. Albert Watkins, R.A.S.C., was lightly wounded on the Somme in 1916, he was sent to convalesce in a Normandy village. There he met Yvonne Dubois. Yvonne, pretty, sharp-eyed, ambitious, had a flair for cooking. Albert had a subtle and skilful understanding of the commissariat. They married for their common benefit and were, in due course, dismayed to find that Madame Watkins was expecting a baby. Before the birth of their daughter, Françoise, the Watkins family had moved to London to open the restaurant Chez Dubois at Number 11 Bean Street, Soho, W.1.

The two restaurants opened with bitter enmity on the same day. Chez Dubois flaunted its check tablecloths, its Beaujolais and its Sauce Bernaise. Cantorelli's drew strident

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

attention to its ravioli, its Chianti and its Bel Paese. The two *patrons*, the one English and the other Italian, loathed each other and went to any lengths to decry each other's kitchens. The two *patronnes*, the one French and the other English, lost no opportunity of reviling each other's characters, cooking and clothes. The two children, Vittorio and Françoise, were forbidden even to acknowledge each other's existence.

But even Mrs. Cantorelli had to admit grudgingly that the rosy little girl who walked demurely to Mass with her mother was quite pretty, really. Mrs. Watkins on the other hand prophesied with relish that Vittorio, a dark, handsome little boy with nice manners, would come to a bad end.

"Eet is impossible to shange," she said acidly, "zee stock in zee soup."

For Vittorio, each summer brought with it an enchanting journey to Italy. His father's brother, Uncle Giuseppe, could never do enough for his nephew from London during the six weeks which Vittorio spent each year at Puligia and, as the years went by, the boys of the place came to accept him as one of themselves. Uncle Giuseppe used to explain proudly to the clients of the *albergo* that, although his nephew lived in England, he was in fact an Italian. Enrico, despite Maisie's protestations, had always refused to apply for naturalization.

"You married an Italian, *carissima mia*," he would say, "and you stay married to an Italian."

So, year after year, the boy Vittorio roamed the countryside round Puligia until he came to know every track and field, every tree and boulder. He even carved his initials—"V. C. 1930"—on one of the stone pillars of the gigantic aqueduct to the north of the village. He also acquired a scepticism concerning Mussolini and all his works: but these opinions, shared secretly with his Uncle Giuseppe, were never expressed aloud while he was in Italy.

On one thing both Enrico and Maisie insisted. Since their son's future lay in London, he should have the best education they could afford to give him. Each day, the little dark-haired boy set off from Bean Street to an ancient school founded and still maintained by one of the City companies. There he played football and cricket and spent most of his spare time dissecting deadly vermin with a razor blade. Vittorio, in fact, had become Victor, and a real Londoner, whose dearest wish was to be a surgeon.

When Victor was seventeen, a new and overwhelming interest entered his life. Françoise Watkins was no longer the little girl whom one hated because one's Papa and Mama hated her Papa and Mama. It seemed to him that, almost overnight, she had become a strange and beautiful creature. The memory of times when he had pulled her pigtails and shouted rude things to her across the pavement became as poignantly dreadful to Victor as are the memories of ancient blasphemies to the true penitent.

By some miracle of forgiveness, Françoise seemed to have forgotten those childish sins. Indeed, Victor sometimes almost believed that she found him not unattractive. In this belief he was perfectly correct.

Victor's new absorption had not gone unobserved either in the Ristorante Cantorelli or Chez Dubois. The young people of both establishments were taken to task by their parents and solemnly warned against one another. Naturally such warnings merely completed the process which the normal urges of nature had begun. By the time Victor was nineteen and had begun to study medicine, he and seventeen-year-old Françoise were secretly engaged.

One evening an incident occurred which, trivial in itself, was to have terrible repercussions on Victor's life. The Ristorante Cantorelli had become fashionable with the

senior Italian Embassy staff, and the Military Attaché had invited a visiting Colonel Lauria from Rome to dinner.

As the two officers were giving their order, Victor walked through the restaurant. He was proudly introduced by his father as "My son who will be a great surgeon—one day." Victor chatted with the two officers for a few moments. His manners were excellent and his modesty disarming.

Colonel Lauria said, smiling, "Tell me, young man, are you English or Italian?"

Victor laughed. "Italian, sir. Papa says he wouldn't know what to do with a British passport at his age. It's the only cause for dissension between him and my mother."

"Your mother is English?"

"Very much so."

It was at that moment that it happened. A waiter filled Colonel Lauria's glass with red wine —the wine of Puligia—and turned to pass behind Victor. As he did so, his elbow touched the wine glass, knocking it over. It fell to the floor and broke into splinters, the wine spreading into a dark red pool. Enrico Cantorelli was almost inarticulate in his apologies to the colonel and in his fury at the waiter.

Colonel Lauria smiled. "Do not distress yourself, my friend. Remember the old Italian saying: 'Splinters bring luck.'"

Soon Victor took his leave. As he walked away, Colonel Lauria turned to the Attaché:

"A charming young man. We could do with more like him in Italy today."

"I agree, Colonel. But England appears to have made him her own. A pity. . . ."

Never had relations between Cantorelli's and Chez Dubois been worse than they were during 1938 and 1939. To the normal antipathy which

Victor's father stormed; Colonel Lauria only smiled, and said: "Remember the old Italian saying, 'Splinters bring luck.'" But the incident did not end there . . .

existed between the owners of the two restaurants, the violent acerbities of international politics had now been added. Never did Mrs. Watkins come within earshot of Maisie Cantorelli but there were wounding references to Caporetto and to *"ce sale cochon de Mussolini."*

NEITHER Enrico nor Maisie cared at all for the Duce, but they were Italians and the name Mussolini had the power to wound. As for Victor, he was silent and preoccupied. Were not the taunters the parents of his beloved Françoise?

When the war came, neither Enrico nor Victor could find a place in the Services—not even in the A.R.P. They were Italians, and Italy, although non-belligerent, was all too clearly in a state of suspended hostility.

Victor, more silent than ever now, went on with his hospital work. Françoise had become a student nurse and there was little time for meetings. Her love for this man never faltered, nor his for her—but their hours together were agonizingly brief and usually took place in public parks where they would sit hand-in-hand, silently watching the tapestry of searchlights over the night sky.

Then, on June 10, 1940, the Duce struck.

That evening, in the parlour of Cantorelli's, Enrico, Victor and Maisie listened, white-faced, strained and anxious, to a quiet, contemptuous voice speaking on the wireless.

It was that of Mr. Duff Cooper, the Minister of Information:

"When a whole nation put their faith into the hands of one bad man, they become, sooner or later, both the accomplices and the victims of his crimes. . . ."

At that moment there was a loud crash from the restaurant. Victor started up and ran outside. Someone of the angry crowd that surged in Bean Street had thrown a brick through the window of Cantorelli's.

Victor darted to the door and stood there, facing the crowd, his fists clenched. The police came running down the street. . . .

In the upstairs room of Chez Dubois, Mr. Watkins, Yvonne and Françoise listened to the voice of Monsieur Reynaud, the French Prime Minister, speaking from Paris:

"This moment, when France is wounded but valiant and undaunted . . . has been chosen by Signor Mussolini to declare war on us. France has nothing to say—but the world, which is looking on, will pass judgment. . . ."

Mr. Watkins stood up. He was in the uniform of a special constable. In silence, he buckled on his belt and put on his steel helmet. . . .

Victor was alone in the shuttered restaurant Cantorelli, sweeping up the broken glass. There was a loud knock. His mouth tightened. Slowly he went to the door and opened it. A solitary figure stood there, steel-helmeted, grim, curt.

"Good evening, Mr. Watkins."

"I want you, young Cantorelli. You and your dad. Enemy aliens, both of you. Understand?"

"Yes. I understand. I'll . . . I'll call my father. . . ."

IN the War Office, London, in 1943, a British brigadier, an American colonel and a British major looked through stereoscopes at a set of squared aerial photographs. The brigadier laid his finger on a square slightly to the left of the photograph.

"Well," he said, "there it is—and Middle East say that there isn't a hope of bombing the damn thing. What we want is a chap who knows the lie of the land who could be dropped with a sabotage team."

The American colonel spoke.

"What's the name of the place, Brigadier?"

"Puligia. There's a whacking great aqueduct, and to the right of it, a cave. In that cave there's enough petrol stored to keep about five armoured divisions going for a month . . . and a pipe-line to the coast. Now if we could send that lot up in smoke, it would—shall I say 'ease things'—for our people when they land."

The major spoke.

"But surely, sir, the whole Middle East is pulsating with Italian prisoners. Surely they can find a local boy in one of the camps."

"I gather not, Hugh." The brigadier smiled drily. "Mussolini wasn't exactly a smash-hit round Puligia and the village didn't send many of its sons to the conflict."

The major sighed. "I'd better have a look through the Pioneer Corps nominal rolls, sir. As far as I know, they took quite a lot of Italians, Soho types and that sort of thing. Might find one from Puligia. You never know."

* * *

"Private Cantorelli."

"Sir?"

"Put down that bucket and spade and come here, will you. For some extraordinary reason you've been posted to London. Posting is marked 'Immediate' and you're to report to the War Office."

London . . . Françoise. . . .

They sat together in the packed buffet in Waterloo Station. They were mystified by this sudden meeting and more than a little shy of each other. Only of one thing were they both certain. Their love for each other was deeper and stronger than ever.

They took a taxi to the War Office. In the secluded cab, Victor took her into his arms.

Françoise said breathlessly: "Darling, you'll tell me what they want you for, won't you?"

"Of course. There'll be no secrets between us."

"Promise."

"I promise."

"Cross your heart."

"Cross my heart."

She sighed with relief. "That's final. No

one could ever say 'Cross my heart' and not mean it."

"Of course not. No one could—ever. Well, here we are. This is the War Office."

"Goodbye, my darling. Bless you."

"And you."

As the taxi drove away down Whitehall, Victor squared his back and walked in to the War Office.

It didn't take the brigadier long to realize that in Victor Cantorelli he had found the very man he sought. The mission was outlined to him. He would be parachuted at a point ten kilometres south of Puligia with a party of four Sapper n.c.o.s commanded by a young officer seconded from the Coldstream Guards.

The mission was secret, deadly secret. It must not be divulged to a living soul. Victor's specific task would be to act as guide to the sabotage party and, once the cave had been blown up, to lead them to the coast where they would be picked up by motor torpedo boat. In the meantime, he would be transferred to the Royal Engineers and given the rank of sergeant. Seven days embarkation leave would start at once; then he would report to an address "somewhere in England" for special training.

"You will simply tell your friends and relatives that you are doing a normal Bailey Bridge building course and that you expect to be going to North Africa sometime, you don't know when. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear, sir."

The brigadier stood up and held out his hand.

"Good luck to you, Sergeant."

"Thank you, sir."

Seven days leave. . . .

VICTOR, the secret heavy on his mind, hurried to the hospital where Françoise worked. She came to him in a horribly clean waiting-room which smelt of antiseptic. She said eagerly: "What did they want you for?"

"To promote me. Darling, I'm a sergeant."

"How splendid!"

"And I've got seven whole days embarkation leave."

Her face fell swiftly. "Embarkation? What do you mean?"

He avoided her eyes. "I've got to go on some idiotic bridge-building course and then they may send me to North Africa. It's quite safe because the war's over in Africa, now." His face changed and he took her two hands in his. "What shall we do with our seven days?"

"But I can't get leave. Not possibly."

"Yes you could. If——"

"If what, Victor?"

He drew her to him and whispered.

Three days later, they saw their parish priest. Father Quinlan was as Irish as the Rock of Cashel. He ran his fingers through his grey hair and looked at Victor and Françoise in bewilderment.

"But what in the name of God would her father say? If I was to marry you there'd be blue murder in Bean Street this very night."

"And unless you marry us, Father, there'll be blue murder here and now."

"Then you'll have to be getting a licence—and that takes a few days."

Victor took his wallet from his battledress pocket.

"I've got it already, Father, and all the documents. . . ."

An ancient inn of tawny Cotswold stone welcomed Victor and Françoise. She was shy and desperately proud of her new ring and of the solemn, good-looking sergeant whose wife she was. But four days, speeded by deep happiness and content, is little time.

On the last evening, they walked by a slow stream beneath old, tufted elms.

"You were born in this country," Victor said.

"Yes, darling, I was, but you have lived in

For the second time Victor was marched in. Reflectively, the colonel lit a cigarette: he was sure now that he'd seen this man before

it for as long as I have—or for almost as long."

"It's home now," Victor said slowly. "Something to fight for."

"And your beloved Puligia, Victor? Is that not also a place worth fighting for?"

"Yes . . . I must fight for Puligia, too . . . but *this* is home."

Victor left his wife in the grey Cotswold dawn and reported to "somewhere in England."

Battle-course, explosives course, parachute course, security course . . . after three months of training, Sergeant Cantorelli and his squad took off by air for Tunis.

In the aircraft, Victor read a letter he had received only that morning from Ffançoise.

"Dear Love, I know you are going into danger. Do not ask how I know this—I do, as a woman deeply in love knows such things. Six months ago I should have said that if you died I should not want to live, but now, even if you are taken from me, I must live on. I am so very proud to tell you that I am no longer alone. I am carrying your child. Some day I believe that we will be together again. Until then remember always, my very dear, that you are the breath in my body, my life and my whole strength. Remember that and come back safe to me."

THE party stayed in Tunis for a short time only. Intelligence officers briefed them, but much of the briefing was done by Victor.

"It'll be funny, sir," he said to Captain Trowbridge, the commander of the party, "to see the aqueduct again. I cut my initials on it one holiday—on the fourth pillar from the northern end. The initials will still be there—'V. C. 1930.' I hope we don't blow *that* arch, sir."

"The trouble with you Italians is that you're incurably romantic! By the way, the Intelligence people have decided that it would be wiser to change your name for this little jaunt."

Victor smiled. "What's my new name?"

"Richards. Exit Sergeant Victor Cantorelli—and enter Sergeant Victor Richards, Royal Engineers."

"I'll try to get used to it, sir."

The moon period came at last and the party was driven to the airfield. They all wore uniform under their parachute clothes. As the ancient Wellington trundled along the runway, the men emptied their pockets. As for Victor, he surrendered his photograph of Françoise and his letters from her—but he read the letters again before handing them over and he looked so long at the photograph that Trowbridge had to remind him, rather sharply, that time was a matter of some moment.

Guided by Victor, the pilot came in over Puligia at eight hundred feet. Up in the cockpit Victor peered at the landscape which lay beneath them, still and peaceful in the moonlight.

The glint of water came up to him, and a long line of intense shadow.

"This is it," he said quietly.

"Right. Thanks very much. I'll circle and make another run in. You'd better get aft. I'll give a buzz on the intercom when we're coming over the target."

The Wellington climbed and banked in a wide turn. The pilot's voice came over the intercom:

"Stand by. We're just coming over now. Keep your feet dry, chaps."

"Number One," shouted the dispatcher. Victor silently crossed himself and dropped. . . .

He landed close to a road which shone white in the moonlight. As he slipped off his harness, he looked up. The containers were billowing down now—explosives, ammunition, Sten guns.

A figure came stumbling towards him out of the gloom. He stood tense.

Captain Trowbridge limped up, gasping with pain.

Victor stepped forward, and whispered anxiously: "You all right, sir?"

"I—I think I've broken my blasted ankle. Landed on a stone wall or something." He tried to take his weight on his right foot and swayed, the sweat starting to his forehead. Very slowly and carefully, Victor lowered him to the ground and began to unlace his boots.

Trowbridge said shortly, "Leave that. Get over to the rendezvous point and carry on. I'll be . . . be all right."

"I'll come back for you, sir."

"You'll do no such thing. I'm giving you an order, Sergeant Richards. Get to hell out of here."

FOR a moment Victor stood irresolutely. Then he turned and tip-toed into the gloom. The countryside, sleeping under the moon, was very still and silent. It seemed as if nothing stirred. Then, suddenly, the silence was shattered by an ear-splitting roar, and a sheet of flame licked luridly upwards. In its light, Captain Trowbridge, lying in a ditch with his eyes shut, smiled faintly. He gave a long, shuddering sigh and bit his lip in pain. As the echoes of that thunderous explosion died away, he heard the click of a steel heel on a stone and opened his eyes. Victor was kneeling in the ditch.

Captain Trowbridge said in a whisper: "I told you to. . . ."

"I know, sir. Sapper Devitt's taken over. He and I have been over the route on a map a thousand times and he knows the way. He'll get them to the coast all right. You and I will follow in a day or two—as soon as you can walk."

"I'll have you court-martialled for this."

"Very good, sir. In the meantime, hold on to something. I'm going to get that boot off. . . ."

Just before dawn, a powerful electric torch shone into the ditch. Resistance was useless. A circle of carabinieri stood around the two

Continued on page 35

Ashness Bridge with lovely Derwentwater beyond. Unique scenery and the intangible "freedom of the fells" capture all who visit the Lake District

JOHN PEEL'S HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

HARRY HOPKINS on his Journey Into Britain reports from the Lake District—historic home of our hardiest shepherds and the mecca of rucksacked pilgrims in search of untouched beauty

THE NOTICE ON THE hotel bedroom wall read: "The water supply to this basin comes from Skiddaw (3,054 feet high) and is one of the purest waters in the world. It is perfect drinking water."

I went downstairs to the dining-room, and presently found myself spooning soup under the limpid eye of Percy Bysshe Shelley. From his own stained-glass window at the end of the room, William Wordsworth gazed out with the gravity appropriate to a Poet Laureate, presiding over the stained-glass company which included Thomas de Quincey, John Ruskin (who spent his honeymoon at the hotel), Robert Southey, Hartley and S. T. Coleridge, and—he can hardly feel quite comfortable, poor chap—John Peel, the immortal Cumberland huntsman and hero of the song "D'ye Ken John Peel?"

Thus encircled, the Royal Oak's guests are able to absorb culture with each course, though, as far as I could see, lips moved in mastication rather than in silent repetition of the verse which appears, in stained glass, beneath each poet's image:

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

"Taking the fish, sir?" asked the waitress with the Scots accent.

And there can be no doubt about it: its poetic big battalions notwithstanding, Keswick is an unlovely and denatured place. In the sixteenth century, local historians tell us, it was a thriving woollen and mining town; but today, all that remains of that industrial heritage is the pencil works by the Greta, and a little bobbin mill tucked away in a narrow valley just outside the town. These days it is to Penrith and to Cockermouth that the Lakeland farmers go to market, and Keswick has the slightly tawdry hollowness of the tourist-processing town, with the usual characterless streets of hotels, boarding houses, cafés, souvenir shops and motor-coach offices with long rows of painted boards outside, which here, statistically obsessed, offer Six, Seven, Eight or Eleven Lake Tours through the Wildest Scenery in Britain.

But every journey must have its starting

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

Vivian Fisher is a renowned local character. A self-appointed gate-opener, he collects an unofficial "toll," rewarding tourists with talk on the Charms of Nature and the Simple Life

Farmer Wilson—"Herdwick Billy"—is a staunch champion of the tough Herdwick sheep, and has won 1,200 prizes at shows. The ram's head is his special pride. As a lamb it was his boyhood pet

point, and it is here that Keswick (pronounced "Kessick" and meaning "cheese farm") comes into its own. As a starting-point—a "centre," as the Lakeland habitués say—Keswick is superb. It lies on the very threshold of Borrowdale, revered, since Wordsworth's day and even earlier, as the most beautiful of all the dales.

"Seatoller," reads the indicator on the little bus that waits just in front of the white-and-green clock-tower of Keswick's modest Moot Hall. The bus fills up steadily with happy pilgrims: young men wearing woollen caps and enormous boots and carrying coils of rope, who look as if they are just starting out to climb Everest; serious-faced women teachers and students with maps and bulging rucksacks; teenagers exposing vast expanses of still pink thigh; the elderly ladies, all, inexplicably, five feet tall, with grey hair, straw hats, mackintoshes, businesslike walking sticks and an air of determined professionalism.

Freemasonry Of The Fells

The types are many and diverse, yet well defined. And they have this in common: an easy friendliness, a complete absence of class consciousness and a lack of reserve which, anywhere else in this island, would seem almost un-English. Neighbours of a moment pore over maps together, volunteer information about their plans, offer advice on other people's. "This time we're going up this side"—a finger traces a contour line—"you see, it's very steep, just here."

This is the Freemasonry of the Fells, the mutual recognition of the elect. These people have made the great discovery of the English Lake District; in greater or lesser degree they are *cognoscenti*. It is a grand feeling, heightened by the tang of the mountain air blowing in through the open windows as the bus moves off towards Borrowdale.

At first, the lake is glimpsed merely through its encircling belt of trees, a pool of light, the promise of glory, beyond the dark branches. Then, after a mile or two, the road comes right down to the margin of the water, and before the eye spreads a dark mirror studded with tree-clothed hummocks, impassively reflecting the dark peaks as they rise, rank beyond rank, in cloud-wreathed majesty. That is one mood: the lake has many. The symphony of light and shade played upon these islands and fells and tree-girt slopes is unending.

Vision Of Canon Rawnsley

Away over on the opposite shore, the regular schedule round-the-lake boat, the Annie Mellor—named after the widow of a Lancashire millionaire with a passion for launch-building—can be seen putting into the landing stage at Brandelhow woods, through which visitors climb the steep paths to Catbells, those peaks looming over the lake's west shore. Acquired in 1902, Brandelhow woods were the first property of the National Trust, which was born up here out of the vision of Canon Rawnsley, black-bearded vicar of St. Kentigerns, the parish church of Keswick. With Robert Southey, the good canon lies buried in his own churchyard, still a revered memory through the country around. And today the National Trust owns a large part of the shores of Derwentwater and the vantage points around it.

Past the famed Bowder Stone, balanced apparently precariously upon its edge, winding through the narrow "Jaws" of Borrowdale which evoked such satisfactory shudders in eighteenth-century romantic writers, the little bus goes with its eager load. And at last it comes to a full stop in the little whitewashed hamlet of Seatoller, where the road begins to rise

Near Buttermere. Cars come in thousands, but walkers' country. There is sport, too, for the

precipitously on the long steep pull to Honister Pass and over the other side to Buttermere.

Just before Seatoller, a narrow road runs off to the left. To the regulars this is the "Seathwaite road end," and here some of the passengers climb out, pushing past the bulging rucksacks, the walking sticks and the ropes.

Down the road they swing, the "Everest" young men with their bony legs and the crunch of nailed boots on gravel, the serious-faced school teachers with their mackintoshes, the teenagers in their comically exiguous shorts, the grey-haired old ladies firmly gripping their walking-sticks.

The sun is warm on the back; there is a bite in the air, and the clean clear Lakeland sound of water running swiftly over stones. The mountains crowd in on each hand, craggy, hump-backed, dinosaurian. Whoever said that the line of beauty is a curve had not, it seems, spent long in the Lake District. There are no end of curves, but none of them continues in its course for more than a yard or two. Yet the composition is perfect, richly varied by the unceasing play of light and shade and the ever-changing sky. This is the unique Lakeland scene that captures all who come here.

Famous Company Of Four

On each side of the road, hemmed in between the stone wall and the rising mountainside, stretches a string of pocket-handkerchief-size fields. In one, a lean farmer standing in the back of a lumbering red farm cart is spreading lime, which flies out in white powdery clouds, shining in the sun.

The mountain walls are closing in now. Narrowing, the valley begins to wind upwards. The dark rounded hump of Seathwaite Fell blocks the end, Glaramara towering to the left, Green Gable to the right, Great Gable looming out of the clouds behind. A famous company, a challenge generations of Lakeland walkers remember with delight.

In the bottom of this bowl, formed by the mountains at the valley's end, lies a solitary

the Lake District—the first of Britain's National Parks—is climbers—though the fells are quick to claim the foolhardy

Shearing time on the farm of Stanley Edmondson and son. Both sheep and shepherds are tenacious breeds, fitted for the grim fight with barren fens, snow and hungry foxes

white farm. The road passes through two stone gateposts into the cobbled farmyard, and dies. On the right is the barn and the outhouses; to the left, a row of three stone cottages. Over the first cottage door there is a small notice that reads: "Mrs. Edmondson, teas and accommodation."

The lean farmer, spreading lime over the fields down the road, is Stanley Edmondson, who has been farming these mountainsides for nearly forty years now, like his father before him. Two sons and a nephew help him to run the farm. Before he put on a little weight, one of the sons, Stanley, had considerable local fame as a winner of fell races. He won the Grasmere up-and-down-the-mountain event three times; one year he was unbeaten everywhere. There's a daughter, too, but she has left the farm, and is away in London, working as a nurse.

Farm In The Mountains

How many acres has Seathwaite Farm? "Don't rightly know," says Stanley Edmondson senior, waving a hand up towards the skyline. "Goes up to that beck there. But it'ud be a bit hard to measure exact now, wouldn't it?" To the hill farmer the question is merely academic; what interests him is not the extent of his wild acres but just how many spots of good grazing they hold, just how much tender young ling, how much bracken, how many "heafs."

In fact, there are something like two thousand acres of mountainsides and tops ranged in a great three-quarter circle, ending on the skyline. The farm's boundaries are invisible, yet defined: the valley's watershed. And in the narrow fields strung along the valley's bottom are eighty acres of nearly flat land. Here there is grazing for the thirty-one cows and the two horses; space for the ducks and hens; shelter for the lambing ewes in spring; and a ploughed plot growing turnips for feeding to those pampered and privileged creatures, the rams, when the "back-end" comes and the breeding season is round the corner.

Over this lofty mountain kingdom roam 2,300 sheep and lambs. Of these, 1,002 sheep are, according to the Cumberland practice, "let with the farm," and this is the number which must be returned to the landlord—the National Trust here—at the end of the tenancy. The rest are the farmer's own property—the dividend, so to speak, on the capital.

From Days Of The Armada

But from where I stood at the bottom of the valley, not a sheep was to be seen—by me, at least. They were up on the tops of the fells where they had gone after lambing, and where they would stay till brought down for the clipping. And Herdwick lambs are hard to see on a mountainside. Born black, they turn grey gradually, starting with a speckling of the head. The camouflage is excellent.

These Herdwicks look down their long grey noses at you along every mountain path. Tough creatures, with rough grey wool, they are peculiar to the Lake District, and one of its most important economic institutions. There are at least thirty breeds of sheep in Britain but, up here, they'll tell you that the Herdwick is the most ancient of all. "Washed up on the shore at Ravenglass, weren't they?" ruminated Mr. Edmondson, spreading the lime.

That's the shipwrecked Armada story. More likely is the theory that the Herdwicks came over with the Norsemen, who made themselves at home in these dales, leaving their mark upon the local dialects and the place-names (all these Lakeland "thwaites," for instance, being Norse for "forest-clearing"). Certainly the Herdwick flocks figure in the records of Furness Abbey.

Seathwaite farm has four fells, and each has its separate flock, each with its own mark, each native to its "heaf." For it is not for nothing that Lakeland mountain sheep go with the farm. They belong. The instinct for the "heaf" is as strong in them as a homing pigeon's for its loft.

No fences separate many of the mountain farms. The sheep from Seathwaite meet the sheep from Buttermere and the sheep from the farm over on the other side, in Wasdale, on their mountain tops. But held by the mysterious heritage of its blood, each flock remains faithful to its ancient heaf.

It is said that to establish these flocks on their heafs, long ago, was a long and costly process. Shepherds had to be kept up on the mountains all the time, watching them. And that is perhaps why still, today, to mix the Herdwick blood with other breeds, or to let the heaf go, constitutes a fundamental breach of tenancy contract, besides being the unforgivable crime in the Lakeland hill-farming calendar.

Down the steep sides of Brandreth flows the high white string of Sour Milk Ghyll—one of the three Sour Milk Ghylls in the Lakes. A row of low brown mounds climbed alongside it—the remains of the old "wad" or plumbago (graphite) mines which made Keswick the home of the first lead pencils in Europe—or so today's pencil works there claims.

Treasure On The Stage Coach

In Elizabethan days this Borrowdale "wad" was so valuable that it was guarded by armed men on its way by stage coach to London; but modern pencil users demand greater uniformity and today graphite is imported into Keswick from Korea, Ceylon and Mexico, ground to powder, blended, and reconstituted to accepted standards.

Down the mountainside comes carroty-haired Stanley Edmondson the younger, the fell racer, lean like his father, like all these mountain men. He has been mending one of the stone walls that run up and down and around these mountainsides for miles.

A wire fence lasts ten years, but these walls have endured for many generations—the two outer layers of rough-dressed stone, the rubble and small stones in between, the long flat stone "cams," uniting the structure, across the top. A sheep can jump five feet—and dry stone-walling remains an indispensable part of the hill farmer's craft.

Up and down the mountainsides these men

Continued on page 42

NEW... far and away the best catch in chocolate treats

BOUNTY, WITH MILKIER, JUICIER COCONUT THAN EVEN SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS EVER KNEW
BOUNTY, SMOTHERED THICK WITH FULL-CREAM MILK CHOCOLATE. TWO BIG CHUNKY BARS FOR 6d
ENJOY ONE TODAY !
Another sweet treat by Mars

THE GREAT STORM (3) by J. Lennox Kerr

Rescuers find the wreckage–almost too late

Survivors from the Princess Victoria were struggling in the grip of the mountainous waves. Five miles off, ships and aircraft searched for them desperately. In such a sea, no one could live long

STEADILY THE SEAS POUNDED and filled the Princess Victoria. The water rose in the engine room of the ferry ship, taking away her last hope of surviving. For an hour she had been almost on her side. Every minute, the waves clambered more easily over her. As the list increased, the seamen moved some of the passengers from the central vestibule on the top passenger deck to the boat deck.

By now, the deck tilted so steeply that no one could climb from the vestibule unaided, and the men had to rig up rope lifelines. They helped the passengers along the deck, one by one, to lie half against the side of the deck housing, or to climb and cling to the outer handrail.

Then the ship ceased to move ahead. The chief engineer told Captain James Ferguson that the engines had stopped.

It was about 1 p.m. The cross-channel ferry ship, now nearly five and a half hours out of Stranraer, should have reached Larne three hours ago. But coming out of Loch Ryan, on the Scottish coast, she had run right into the great storm which had begun to sweep across Britain earlier on that morning of January 31 last year. A wave had forced open the stern doors to her car deck, and she had shipped so much water that now she wallowed helplessly on her side.

Captain Ferguson knew that the destroyer Contest was coming to his ship's aid. Twenty minutes ago she had signalled that she would arrive at 1.30. But when that time came, the destroyer called: "My estimated time of arrival now 2.15."

Scrambled Down Listing Deck

Eighty-mile-an-hour squalls struck the drifting, listing ship. Snow and spray beat against the seamen manning Nos. 2, 4 and 6 lifeboats on the ship's lifted port side, as they awaited the word to abandon ship and begin the desperate task of lowering their boats.

One young seaman, Malcolm McKinnon from Stranraer, watched the sea striking the lifeboats on the ship's starboard side, and told his mates he thought he could free one of them. He climbed from the port side boats, then lowered himself down the steeply slanting deck. He had to descend like a mountaineer, from fitting to fitting. He reached No. 5 boat and scrambled on board and cast off the lowering gear.

A wave came and lifted the boat, and she did not drop back into her chocks. The wave bore her up and out and clear of the ship. One chance in a thousand had come off.

The boat drifted astern, and McKinnon tried to check her. He saw the thin line of the patent log still streaming astern and he leaned

Copley, one of the men saved from the ferry, is tended by a Red Cross nurse. He was alone on a raft when the lifeboat reached him at nightfall

ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTON

At Donaghadee, the courageous young seaman, Malcolm McKinnon, was helped ashore. By taking a chance in a thousand, he had found himself cast adrift in an

over and gripped it and tried to make it fast forward in the boat. The thin line snapped. The twenty-six foot boat was adrift, the man aboard helpless to control her.

The five seamen left in No. 2 boat, on the ship's higher side, watched the little drama, then felt the ship make her final, ominous movement. Her siren blew, giving the signal to abandon ship. Slowly she began to turn over. The men in the lifeboat felt themselves being lifted high, saw the ship's masts and funnel slip into the sea. Someone cast off the lowering gear as a last desperate chance. The boat jolted against the davits, resting on them sideways as the ship turned.

Passengers Stood On Keel

Below, people tried to follow the ship round as she turned turtle. Pandemonium broke now that they realized the ferry ship was sinking. They scrambled over the deck rail, leaped into the sea, or ran and slid down her sides.

One passenger, a fitter named William Thompson Copley, walked down the side with two other men and a boy. They stood together for a moment on the bilge keel. Then one of the men and the boy ran across the hull to a lifeboat. Copley and his remaining companion jumped into the water.

Meanwhile, two of the port side lifeboats, swinging through the air like chairs on a fairground Big Wheel, had landed upright in the water. The sea swelled up and lifted both boats clear of their davits.

No. 6 boat, the third on the port side, shot out of its davits as the ship turned over. Four of the crew of five plummeted into the sea. Water swamped the boat, but it stayed upright. The seamen clambered back aboard and began to bale out furiously.

As the boat came up against the ferry ship, the chief cook nearly fell into the sea trying frantically to push her clear. A moment later, a wave flung the lifeboat towards the Princess Victoria's propellers. Again the cook leaned out to check the blow.

At last, the boat drifted away. The cook put out the sea anchor, to hold the bows into the sea. Then he collapsed.

On the upturned hull, men passengers and seamen ran about, trying to board the rafts and lifeboats drifting and bumping past. The sea flung rafts, lifeboats, bodies and debris in all directions. A seaman leaped from the hull towards a raft—and landed in a lifeboat.

Inexplicably, an engineer and a passenger struggled to climb from one upright lifeboat to another. Both dropped in the sea. Half a dozen hands grasped the passenger, but the engineer disappeared. By the time No. 6 boat had got clear of the Princess Victoria, twenty-nine men had boarded her.

No. 4 boat, filled with women and children, similarly drifted along the upturned hull and was almost clear when a wave drove it bow-first against the ship's stern. It tilted to the pressure, flinging out its occupants, and was smashed in a smother of breaking water.

The sea swarmed over the ferry ship. Round the whale-like shape, people struggled to reach the rafts. Those who succeeded clung to the looped ropes round the sides. The Princess Victoria had disappeared.

Woman Grasped At A Raft

The men in the three boats were helpless. Beyond reach, rafts turned over and the people clinging to them lost their grip. The waves rose and figures appeared on them like climbers on a mountain side. Each moment there were fewer to see.

Passenger Copley floated and swam about and eventually climbed on to a raft. A steward and a boy of eighteen swam up and clung to the ropes round the raft's side. A woman caught hold of a cork to which was attached the raft's distress light.

Gradually, the boats and the bodies and the flotsam scattered.

A few miles west, three coasting vessels—Orchy, Lairdsmoor and Pass of Drumochter—headed east in line abreast to search for the Princess Victoria. A trawler also came out to help them. Miles to the south, the destroyer Contest reached the last position radioed by the Princess Victoria and, since the bearing had

empty boat, while the Princess Victoria capsized

been incorrect, found nothing. She went still farther south, searching in the direction the ferry ship would have drifted had she ever been in that position.

The coxswain of the Donaghadee lifeboat, called out an hour before, sighted the destroyer through the sleet and spray and turned to follow her, hoping she had found the passenger ship. Aircraft took off from Prestwick to search. An American airliner and an R.A.F. aircraft came south to help to find the stricken vessel.

And they had all converged on that last incorrect position—five miles east of the Copelands Islands—while the people still alive from the Princess Victoria were in the water five miles to the north.

The Orchy found the survivors. Fifty minutes after the Princess Victoria had capsized, the coaster called Portpatrick Radio: "Have come across oil and wreckage and life-jackets. . . ." A minute later, she added: "We see people on rafts."

Hugh Matheson, the Orchy's thick-set master from Skye, took his ship past the people in the water and brought her round to face the seas, holding her there so that ropes could be thrown to the victims.

It was now two minutes to three. The seaman's voice was thick as he spoke into the radio telephone to the other ships: "Come to me. I am among people and bodies."

Five minutes ticked by. "There are a lot of people here but they cannot get hold of the line." Another four minutes passed. "The position is hopeless. We cannot lower lifeboats [because of the seas] but we're doing our best."

Matheson saw a raft spin down the side of a wave, flinging away the people who clung to it. The captain's voice broke: "All lifeboats—please come to me." Yet another eleven and a half minutes dragged by. "Orchy to Donaghadee lifeboat. Can you see us? Are you in the vicinity? Please come to us."

The raft bearing Copley floated near the Orchy. A lifebelt on a line was thrown into the water near to him, but not near enough. He drifted away.

Then the other ships came up out of the scum. The little wave-swept tanker, the Pass of Drumochter, manoeuvred to get the No. 6 lifeboat alongside. The tanker master decided to hold the boat on a rope and create a lee for her until a lifeboat arrived.

Hauled Three Men Aboard

Soon afterwards, the Contest came up, followed by the Donaghadee lifeboat. Hugh Nelson, the coxswain, hailed the tanker to release the No. 6 boat, then, by a piece of masterly seamanship, brought his heavier craft from downwind to the frailer boat. The survivors leaped or were helped aboard the lifeboat. Nelson then headed to the boat which held McKinnon, and took him to safety.

The destroyer, meanwhile, picked up six men from a boat and two men from rafts. As the warship came near to one of the men, he slid into the sea. At once, an officer, Lieutenant McArdle, dived from the destroyer with a rope, grasped the survivor, but could not bring him aboard the ship. A petty officer, Wilfred Warren, jumped overboard to help. The three men reached a scrambling net slung over the destroyer's side and were hauled on board.

Copley and the people with him on the raft drifted away from the ships and the Donaghadee lifeboat. One by one, the woman, the boy and the man clinging to the ropes fell away. Battered and torn by the waves, Copley hung on grimly. Two hours passed and the sky began to darken. And then, almost out of the night, the Portpatrick lifeboat appeared. Strong hands lifted the exhausted man aboard and carried him gently below.

That was all. The rescue ships had saved forty-three men, out of 176 passengers and crew.

The tone of the radio signals altered now: "There is a ship's lifeboat abeam of me. . . . That is an empty lifeboat. . . ." "I am afraid nothing can last in this. . . ." "We can see nothing either. Nothing whatever can live in that. . . ." "It is funny that there were no women among the survivors. . . ."

At 5.40 the Orchy signalled Portpatrick Radio: "Can do nothing more." At 5.50, the tanker, Pass of Drumochter, called: "We have been through the wreckage again and have seen no sign of life."

The darkness closed in.

Fishermen Sought Shelter

In the North Sea, the great storm of January 31 began less ferociously than it did in the west. But the sea grew steadily rougher, pressed by the high spring tide and the wind into short-spaced steep waves. Just after midnight, as the day began, the dozen or so seine net fishing craft out of Grimsby, working some forty miles east of the Humber, hauled in their gear and decided to make for shelter. Farther north, other small craft made for port.

The Lossiemouth boat, Caronia, already lay in Wick with a half-dozen others like her. She was a seventy-five foot wooden craft powered with a diesel engine, carrying a single mast and with a box-like wheelhouse and tiny galley on the after deck.

The crew of the Caronia, sleeping comfortably in their bunks in the stern cabin, came thickly

Petty Officer Warren, from the destroyer Contest, jumped overboard to help one of his officers to bring a man in from the sea

The Princess Victoria sank as ships fought their way to the wrong position. Fifty minutes later, her survivors were found

The Donaghadee lifeboatmen who took part in the Princess Victoria rescue. Many survivors owe their lives to the seamanship of the coxswain (seated)

awake when John Campbell, the boat's part-owner and skipper, called them soon after midnight. As they dressed, they heard the rising wind, and they were glad that it came from the south-west and off-shore. They would find a lee every mile they made across the Moray Firth to their homes in Lossiemouth.

Thirty miles east of Wick, Skipper William Imlach, of the Aberdeen steam trawler, Loch Awe, noted the fall of the barometer on his cabin bulkhead, assessed the water and wind noises outside, and decided this would be the last haul. The trawler was lifting steeply to a sea that was rising every hour and, even at her trawling speed of little more than two knots, she was shipping heavy water. Skipper Imlach pulled on his yellow, smock-like oilskin frock and a sou'wester, and climbed the short, steep ladder to the galley. A deckhand was watching a kettle coming to the boil. "Get the lads out," Imlach told the boy. "We'll haul and make in for the land."

Then he hurried along the lee-side deck and jumped for the bridge ladder, just as another sea came on board.

Skipper Took Over The Wheel

The mate was on watch, with a deckhand at the high, wooden steering wheel. A steam radiator heated the wheelhouse and, as usual, it was excessively hot. The windows were shut to keep out the spray, and cigarettes smoked by the elderly mate and the man at the wheel had raised a powerful atmosphere.

Skipper Imlach hardly noticed the fug, lit his own pipe to add a contribution, then told the mate they would haul now. The mate went out. "Better give them a hand," Skipper Imlach told the deckhand, and moved to the wheel.

At six o'clock that morning, coastguards on the North Sea coast noted a change in the wind. Blowing at Force 8, a fresh gale of thirty-five to forty miles an hour, it came now, not from the south-west, but from the north-west.

By that time, the Loch Awe's nets and catch were aboard, and the trawler was dodging under the high land of Wick. She was not anchored, but had steamed close under the land to drift with her engines stopped until she lost the shelter. Then she steamed in again slowly.

The mate and a deckhand made lazy conversation in the over-heated wheel-house; the fireman and engineer on watch, their duties made light by the slow speed, climbed to the galley to sit and yarn over mugs of tea. They wondered if the skipper would decide to go home. Even with a poor pay-off, a Sunday at home would be very pleasant, and the Loch Awe could reach Aberdeen easily for the Sunday morning tide.

Wireless Gave Gale Warnings

The engine room telegraph bell jangled; the engineer went down below and gave the trawler slow ahead while the fireman touched up his fires to replace the steam being used. The trawler, rolling easily, headed back to the land.

Skipper Imlach dozed, half dressed, in his bunk in the small cabin of the saloon in the trawler's stern. He heard the cook turning out and looked at his watch. It was nearing seven o'clock. The skipper climbed from his bunk and tuned the radio to the B.B.C.

The B.B.C. announcer came in: "Warnings of gales are in operation in all sea areas except Sole, Finisterre and Biscay. Northerly gales will be severe in Faroes, Fair Isle, Hebrides, Malin, Rockall and Bailey, Cromarty and Forth. . . ."

The skipper sucked on his pipe, considering what he should do. It did not seem worth while staying out. He was just piling up expenses which would come out of his share of the catch. Yet he was reluctant to make for home. Fishermen seldom cut short their trips because of bad weather. Any skipper who does so too often, soon finds himself sailing as mate.

But it looked as though this trip was finished. It wasn't going to pay either himself or his owners. If this gale lasted—and from the weather forecast it was going to last several days—he might as well cut the loss and make for Aberdeen.

Imlach turned the radio controls to the trawler wave-band to hear how other skippers were doing. He did not want to go in if other ships were still fishing, though after forty-odd years at the game he was pretty sure no trawlers would be working out there today.

The skipper moved the dial delicately, then heard a deep voice saying the weather was very bad, too bad for trawling, and that the speaker was dodging his ship about and thinking of going home. "Looks like getting worse," the voice said, "just burning coal out here."

Imlach moved the knob slightly, then heard a slow, worried voice. Someone was in trouble. A Lossiemouth boat, the Caronia, was drifting helplessly in the Moray Firth.

"The seas are beyond believing," her skipper said. "One big sea has caught us and washed our nets over the side and round the propeller. We're trying to clear it, but things are bad."

John Campbell, the Caronia's skipper and part-owner, was talking to friends in other craft. Skipper Imlach knew the boat. He waited until Campbell had finished speaking, then switched over to transmitting: "Calling Caronia. Calling Caronia. This is the Loch Awe. Do you need help? We are lying off Wick and could be away at once."

At that moment, Imlach did not think the smaller craft was in any great danger, and he visualized a nice little salvage job which would help to pay for this trip.

"The Seas Are Punishing Us"

John Campbell answered. "We hope to clear the propeller; we're working at it now. We are about thirty miles south of Wick. If you could call again at eight o'clock, Captain, I would be very pleased."

At eight o'clock, Imlach called the Caronia. Campbell said they had not been able to clear the propeller and would need assistance. "The very big seas are punishing us, Captain. Can you come and help?"

Wick Radio heard the call and told the coastguard. The coastguard tried to alert the lifeboat at Cromarty, deeper in the Moray Firth, but the telephone wires were down. The Buckie lifeboat could not come out because the seas, abnormally high on that exposed shore, had smashed in the launching doors of the boathouse, imprisoning

Continued on page 41

Maggie with the fringe on top

by ***PIA AINSWORTH***

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS L. MAYS

Old Fred walked off with her one day. He had nowhere to go but he knew that, together, they would be all right

THERE NEVER WAS a more companionable little horse than Maggie. When she grew too old for the show ring, she adapted herself, without fuss, to the workaday routine of Joe Bentley's hacking stable. Margravine Rosalinda of Chalcombe, four times international champion in the hackney class, became first Margie, and then Maggie, willing maid of all work.

Joe, who had followed her career in the show world with devoted interest, bought her the moment she retired, and she had been his pet for the last ten years. Everybody loved Maggie, but two men cherished her with a special and unspoken affection: Joe, the Guv'nor, and old Fred, the head groom.

These two had worked together for twenty years or so. Fred, a sour-tempered old ruffian, but better than any vet with a sick animal, was small and bent and going on seventy years. His leathery face had the dried, shrivelled appearance of a nut left too long on the tree. Sparse, dusty hair, the colour of very old hay, surmounted a visage that was creased into a permanent scowl. He was lame from a kick, sustained so long ago that he had forgotten how it happened.

He rarely spoke and never smiled, and Joe Bentley knew that he would never alter and must be accepted as he was.

Neither he nor Fred ever had time to decide

Continued on page 37

They plodded on, with Maggie protected against flies by a decorative garland of leaves. Soon, Fred was feeling faint and dizzy with hunger

Mrs. Welch sails the sky for adventure

by REX GRIZELL

Her fiery temper makes her "La Tigresse" of gliding. Every flight is a challenge—and she never knows how it will end

ON THE EVE of the world gliding championships, held recently at Great Hucklow in Derbyshire, officials were worried because the Yugoslav entrants had not arrived. When, at nine o'clock, one pilot turned up with the news that his comrades' transport had broken down on the road near Rugby, about seventy miles away, it was Ann Welch, the only woman pilot taking part in the competitions, who decided that someone ought to go to meet them.

Energetically rounding up some "volunteers," she took two of the British team's cars and led the way at top speed. Having found the delayed team, she sorted out the pilots and sent them back in the second British car, so that they would have a few hours' sleep before the competitive flying started. Then she led the way for the Yugoslav ground crews, whose car repeatedly broke down. Each time, they repaired it by the headlights of Ann Welch's car. Eventually she led them to Great Hucklow just before six o'clock the next morning.

One of her "volunteers" was Frank Irving, a member of her own ground crew. "By the time we arrived back," he says, "I was exhausted, but Ann was looking as fresh as ever. She made coffee, and started the day's work soon after. Later on she was flying as usual."

Wally Kahn, a well-known pilot and member of the Surrey Gliding Club, describes Ann Welch as a woman of ruthless determination and efficiency, with exceptional stamina. "She always has a clear idea of what needs to be done and who ought to do it. Any job she tackles is organized down to the last detail. She'll even save time where it really isn't necessary to do so."

Chose Dinner By Radio

Leading the British team across Spain for the world gliding championships in 1952, she took the fastest car, driving ahead to the next town on the route. On arrival she would locate a suitable hotel and find out what was on the menu. Returning to her car, she spoke to the other members of the team by radio, took their orders for dinner and returned to the hotel to inform the head waiter, who was often astonished to find one small woman ordering a dozen steaks.

"The others will be here in exactly ten minutes," she would explain. Then she returned to the car and, by radio, guided the others to the hotel. "Sometimes we arrived to find the first course being served," says one of the team.

At thirty-seven, Ann Welch, a housewife and mother of two girls, is vice-chairman of the British Gliding Association and chairman of its instructors' panel. Three times she has been non-flying captain of the all-male team representing Britain in the biennial world championships; and she has written four books on gliding and meteorology. With her husband, Lorne Welch, she holds the British national distance record for two-seaters with a flight of 152 miles. She founded the Surrey Gliding Club, of which she is chairman, in 1938, hounding her friends until they parted with enough money to buy gliders, winches and other equipment. Within a year she had made it the second largest club in the country in the number of pilots trained. It is now the world's largest unsponsored club.

A small, slight woman with keen blue eyes and unruly hair, Ann Welch is soft-voiced and gentle in manner. Beneath is an anchor-like tenacity and a fiery will easily roused by opposition.

During the practice period in Spain, British pilots were frustrated because Spanish officials repeatedly pronounced the weather unsuitable

Ann Welch (centre) is one of gliding's leading instructors. Two of her present pupils are: Stella Alexander (standing) and Margaret Kahn

Two gliders wait to take-off as one comes in to land at the Surrey Gliding Club. Ann Welch hounded friends for money to start the club in 1938

for flying, when the pilots felt sure that it was good enough. "Ann was determined to see that we had every possible hour of practice," says Philip Wills, a former world champion glider pilot. "Her bullying of the officials earned her the name of 'La Tigresse.'"

From the headquarters of the Surrey Gliding Club, she also acts as a test pilot for the British Gliding Association. One of her narrowest escapes occurred not long ago when she and her husband were making tests on the prototype of a new twin-seater. The air brakes, used to slow the machine when landing, gave trouble and were adjusted by ground engineers.

On the next flight the brakes jammed altogether, sending the machine into a dive; Ann Welch and her husband found themselves hurtling down towards a field dotted with the stumps of recently felled trees. As the glider touched down, with nothing to check its landing speed, Ann Welch raised herself as far off the floor as she could. A moment later one of the tree stumps ripped the bottom out of the fuselage, and the occupants were flung forward as the glider crashed to a stop. They climbed out unhurt, apart from a shaking.

"Ann Welch is undoubtedly one of gliding's finest instructors," says Wally Kahn. Pupils learn by making mistakes. An instructor has to allow them to make some, and at the same time prevent them from making those which might be fatal. The constant alertness required to know when and when not to intervene is a severe nervous strain.

"Few male instructors keep it up for more than five years," says Kahn. "The odd good one goes on for ten years. Ann Welch has been instructing since 1938."

Pilot Safe After Smash

Gliding accidents are sometimes less serious than seems likely because the craft break up easily when they crash, and so absorb most of the shock. Not long ago, a glider coming in to land touched a tree and sliced off one wing tip. The glider slewed round, bounced on its nose, cartwheeled, and thudded down on its back. The front was smashed to fragments and the back broken in two places—but the pilot stepped out with a slightly sprained ankle.

Not all pilots are so lucky. One expert Austrian pilot was killed when he crashed while practising for this year's championships.

"From the time that it is released, a glider will sail very gradually down towards the earth, unless the pilot can find rising air currents to carry it upwards faster than it is sinking," explains Ann Welch. Rising air currents are found in storm clouds, wind lift, and thermals. Wind lift exists where wind strikes a hillside and is forced upwards. Thermals are areas of warm air which bubble up from warm ground surfaces such as towns, aerodrome runways, quarries and sheltered valleys.

"Glider pilots learned to take advantage of these currents by studying the flight of soaring birds," says Ann Welch. One American pilot, following some buzzards into a thermal, suddenly heard a flurry of wings and felt a stinging blow behind his ear. As one of the huge birds soared past and wheeled to come at him again, he saw another clawing at the fuselage. He had to dive to get away from them.

The force of the currents in piled-up storm clouds is phenomenal. Entering such a cloud on a cross-country flight in Spain, Philip Wills found his six-hundred-pound glider whirled aloft like a feather at about a thousand feet a minute, until he reached an icy height of more than twenty-two thousand feet, an altitude record for a British pilot.

Farmer Threatened Her

In good gliding weather, pilots can find enough lift to keep them up for hours. The world duration record is fifty-six hours fifteen minutes, and the world distance record 535 miles. Such distances are impossible within the British Isles, where a pilot soon reaches the coast; there is no lift over the sea.

As pilots cannot foresee where they will run out of lift, they land in some odd places.

Ann Welch remembers being threatened with a law-suit by an angry farmer when she landed in a cornfield. Two hundred children from a Coronation party streamed across the crop to inspect the glider.

Some glider pilots are reputed to have lists of country houses with extensive grounds where they can make a safe landing—and may be invited to tea.

"No matter how deserted the area in which you land, it isn't long before someone appears," says Ann Welch. "Usually the first on the spot is a small boy. Others soon arrive. I always put the wickedest-looking one in charge while I go off to telephone."

When the retrieving car arrives, the dismantled glider is packed into its special trailer and towed back to the aerodrome. Rapid retrieving is of great importance during competitions, as it allows the pilot to get more sleep before the next day's flying.

One well-known pilot was out retrieving for a friend who was still in the air. On the road he gave a lift to a girl hitch-hiker. After a few moments the girl asked: "Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said the man.

"What's in that thing at the back?"

"Nothing."

The girl remained silent for a few moments and then asked to be put down.

Gliders in flight make only a soft swishing sound which cannot be heard more than a short distance away. "We can pass unnoticed over the heads of a crowd of people," says Ann Welch. Once she was circling above a farm when she saw a fox approaching the chicken run. She could also see the farmer and his family ferreting along a nearby hedge. As she passed over them, she called out: "There's a fox after your chickens." The family all looked round but, she says, not one of them looked up.

Ann Welch was already interested in flying at thirteen. She used to badger the pilots at Croydon Aerodrome until they took her up. At seventeen she had gained her "A" flying licence, and then decided to take up gliding at Dunstable. On her second day there she obtained her "A" certificate, on the third day her "B" certificate, and on the fourth day her "C" certificate for a solo flight of more than five minutes.

"Some people learn to glide just to prove to themselves that they are not afraid. Once they have been solo they give it up," she says. These, enthusiasts maintain, are the ones who never know the fascination of the silent, sunlit world above the clouds where, in peace and solitude, the pilot pits his skill against Nature.

Trapped With Angry Goat

"Gliding satisfies two basic human needs," says Ann Welch. "The need for company, and the need to be alone." Every new flight is a challenge, and each one brings the suspense of wondering where the landing will be made.

Once, in her early days in the sport, she was approaching Dunstable to land when she ran out of lift and came down in a goat's paddock at Whipsnade Zoo. The paddock was locked and she was unable to get out. The goat resented the uninvited guest and tried to butt the glider. Interested spectators watched as she struggled to keep it off, until someone fetched a keeper.

Later, she was told that the goat had been the mascot of the Welsh Guards, who had sent it to the zoo because they found it unmanageable. Her friends were not surprised that she had managed to subdue it. "She has enough nerve to be a lion-tamer," they say. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A thing to love

by *ELSPETH HUXLEY*

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

As he kissed her, Sam knew she had changed; the fire was lacking. "They need me," she said. "I must go back"

IN A LONELY KENYA farmhouse a scene of barbaric violence had taken place. Old Colonel Foxley and his wife, tricked by the entreaties of Raphaelo, a trusted servant, had opened the door—to be overwhelmed and hacked to death by a Mau Mau gang.

For Raphaelo, the act of betrayal was distasteful, but unavoidable. He'd had to obey the Mau Mau oath—or die. And, besides, he'd paid good money to the organization so that when the whites went the farm would be his.

Raphaelo was not the only Mau Mau dupe. The organization had developed incredibly, killing those who, like the great Chief Kimani, opposed it. It was a triumph for the leaders, men like Gitau, a college principal, and Josiah, a Nairobi business man and politician.

Gitau, who had killed the chief, was now on the run. Ironically, he had found comfort in the arms of Martha, wife of the chief's son, Matthew Kimani. As one of the few African district officers, Matthew's position was difficult enough already. But the day he found his wife with Gitau was the worst of his life.

He should have shot Gitau on the spot—but his own heartache and Gitau's insidious tongue had stopped him. Sick at heart, Matthew went on with the job of organizing defences against the terrorists.

The defence forces were slow to take shape. Sam Gibson, a young European settler, had enlisted as a district officer. One difficulty, he found, was to convince old hands that they were in danger. Colonel Foxley, for instance: he had implicit trust in his headman.

Sam did not need to convince the colonel's daughter, Pat. Kenya-born, she sensed the evil in the air. Pat worked at a mission school, and Sam, who loved her, had got himself posted nearby so that he could protect her.

Gitau and his Mau Mau colleagues knew they must act quickly and decisively. Already there was unrest among Kikuyu who had paid money for "white" farms or for their oaths. An act of discipline, perhaps forced complicity in murder, was called for.

And so the raid on the Foxleys' farmhouse was ordered, with Raphaelo acting as Judas. . . .

PART FIVE

The Runaway

GISURI, the district clerk, summoned a meeting of the Tetu committee three nights after the successful incident at the Foxleys' farm. The operation had gone off well. It was true that most of the people on the farm, Karioki included, had been put into Tetu jail, but all that the police had done so far was to ask questions, and everyone expected that those who'd been taken would soon be let out again.

"I have some news," Gisuri said, when he reached his home and found several members already sitting round the brazier drinking bottled beer. "Josiah, it won't be safe for you to stay here any longer. Tomorrow the police intend to visit every house and to question every person in Tetu."

"I am not afraid of the police," Josiah said, "but I must return to Nairobi in any case, so I will go before this raid takes place and avoid trouble."

"There is another thing," Gisuri said. "The police are trying to force Karioki to vomit out everything he knows. They are pouring bitter medicine down his throat."

Solomon, the head clerk of the hospital, stopped plucking the strings of his guitar. "They are not allowed to do that."

"That is what the D.C. said to that policeman called Piet. 'You must not beat this man or any other man,' he said. 'It is forbidden.' 'Isn't it forbidden to chop up old men and their wives with pangas?' this Piet replied. 'How do you know they aren't planning something else? Karioki is one of them and I am going to make him talk.' The D.C. answered: 'We all have our orders. I am not your master, but you know it is true.' He is a wise man, this D.C. I heard them myself."

"Karioki will not talk," Solomon said.

"There is a key to every safe," suggested Gisuri.

"Karioki has eaten the oath and won't speak," Josiah said. "But if he should, and if others are named, I will see that this European Piet is broken like a twig used for kindling, for no one is allowed to beat prisoners."

"Perhaps Solomon had better go away with Josiah," Gisuri suggested. "If Karioki mentions his name, the police will come and arrest him."

Josiah replied: "That would not matter. Judges will not listen to the words of a man who confesses to the police. They will listen only to the words that are spoken in front of them."

"So that if Karioki stands in front of the judge and says that he was lying to the police because they beat him, the judge will believe him?"

"That is it exactly, provided that there is a lawyer to explain this to the judge. Don't be afraid, Solomon; if you should be arrested, I will see that a lawyer comes to Tetu to help you. Also, I will write in this book the name of this European policeman, in case Karioki is beaten or burned."

He took out a book full of names and entered Piet Hendriks's in it, and wrote down for Solomon the name of a Nairobi lawyer he should call upon if any trouble arose.

She looked up, unable to hide her astonishment.

SOON afterwards, Josiah left Tetu by a back route. All the roads were stopped by then, mainly by European police, but the night was dark and he had little difficulty in picking a way through the bush that ran down to the edge of the housing estate.

In spite of Josiah's confidence, Solomon couldn't help feeling apprehensive all next day. The raid had upset everyone, although, thanks to the ample warnings, no one of importance was caught. Because of the general feeling of heaviness and fear, the queues at the hospital were much shorter than usual. Solomon was alone when, to his surprise, Raphaelo walked in.

"Why are you running away from Foxley's farm?" Solomon inquired.

"I am going home," Raphaelo said.

"But, if you leave, the police will know you

't look so surprised," Roger burst out. "I know I can't walk, but I've a brain, and a pair of eyes and a tongue. Aren't they of any use at all?"

had a part in the affair and they will come to arrest you."

Raphaelo looked all round the room and then at the ground by his feet. Solomon could see that he was ill at ease, perhaps sick; he was like an ox whose coat has lost its bloom.

"You are a fool, Raphaelo," he added. "You had better go back to the farm where the Europeans will not bother you, for was it not you who gave the alarm? Or perhaps you are afraid that Karioki will talk to the police?"

Raphaelo shook his head. "I have come to find out when Foxley's farm is to be mine."

Solomon didn't understand at first, but then he remembered: this simpleton had paid his money over for a promise, and had had his name written in a book. He couldn't help laughing at Raphaelo's ignorance.

"Do you think you can have the farm while the Europeans are still here? First of all we must get rid of them; then we can share out their land."

"I paid two thousand shillings for this land and now the bwana is dead and so it is mine. I wish to have a paper to prove it."

"Do you think the D.C. would respect that paper?" Solomon inquired, still laughing. "Don't you see that the D.C. must go first? Go back to the farm and do not trouble me any longer, for I am a very busy man."

But Raphaelo did not take the road back to the farm. Instead, he walked down the main road which led towards Nairobi. There was despair in his heart, and also a deep bewilderment. Why had events led him to this degradation and misery? What had gone wrong? And now, even the promise of the farm was like a dry leaf: it crumpled into nothing when you took it in your hand.

RAPHAELO realized that he'd been a fool not to take the right precaution against the spite of his enemies. Without doubt, all this had been brought upon him by someone who was jealous and vindictive. He hadn't consulted anyone who could have helped him and now it was too late. As to whom he should have consulted, he was uncertain.

His father would have taken a goat to a witchdoctor, but Father Pella said that God would help through one of the saints, if he burned a candle before the shrine. Which was right he couldn't say, but he'd offered neither a goat nor a candle and the result was that his unknown enemy had triumphed.

Looking back, he couldn't see where he had left the right path. When he'd paid the two thousand shillings, he hadn't expected that the Foxleys would be killed. He'd been told that all the Europeans would go back to England and leave their farms for the Kikuyu. When he'd eaten the first oath, he'd believed that the old peace and customs of the Kikuyu would be restored, that the days of being told to do this, go there, stop that, would end, that he'd be his own master and that there'd be no taxes, as in the old days: for his father had never paid taxes before the Europeans came, nor his father before him.

But it seemed that he had listened only to lies. The Europeans hadn't gone: more were coming every week, soldiers and policemen. Foxley's farm wasn't to be his. Far from taxes disappearing, the government had doubled them; and, on top of that, people came from Tetu demanding even larger sums for oaths and other things.

He thought glumly of these matters as he

He lay fighting for breath. "You cannot leave us now," mocked Gitau. "We have a feast prepared"

trudged down the red road that led to Nairobi. But there was one thing, the biggest and worst of all, that he couldn't think about. His mind circled round the destruction of the Foxleys, fascinated, yet appalled.

It would not have been so odious if the European, Piet, had not forced him to touch the bodies next day. He felt unclean, defiled, and he didn't see how he could ever get himself cleansed. It was no good going to a witch-doctor for a matter of that sort. He didn't believe there'd be a medicine for such a big thing as this; and the oath had killed the power of everything else, drenching him, as it were, in uncleanness. That was why he'd had to leave the farm and trudge down the road, a man accursed, without a wife or sons or a plot of land or a house any longer.

The actual killing had been nothing, in the end. At first, when Karioki and the others had told him that he must knock on the door and gain entrance by a trick, he had wanted to refuse. The Foxleys were old and kind and he respected the colonel; he did not wish them any harm. But the oath bound him. So, when Karioki had reminded him of this, and put a panga into his hand, he couldn't refuse. There were many people, a dozen or more, also with pangas, and he'd begun to feel excited as well as afraid. And suddenly, the air was full of flashing pangas, and fear had gone and there was only frenzy.

He had taken off his clothes and burned them, and put on Colonel Foxley's overcoat which he'd found hanging near the door, and next day had left without a word to anyone, to claim his farm. Now it appeared that everything was false, that everything had been without purpose; and he was a man defiled.

When he left Tetu, he'd had some vague idea of going to the forest to join a gang. There, at least, he would be with others similarly defiled. As he walked down the road, sweating in the heavy coat, he began to change his mind and, after a while, he decided to go to Sunguru and see Patty. Why he wanted to see her, he couldn't exactly say, but he felt that somehow she'd be able to help him. He wanted to explain that he'd intended her parents no harm, but that might be too difficult; her parents were dead, and there was no sense in talking about them. He was alive, walking along with a heavy load in his heart, and perhaps she would know a way to lighten it.

A lot of traffic passed him on the dusty road —cars, lorries, army trucks, motor-bicycles— but he scarcely noticed, so troubled were his thoughts. His feet ached and he felt thirsty. At last he came to a place where empty oil drums, painted white, had been planted on each side of the road to support a pole which halted the traffic.

A young European policeman inspected each vehicle before he waved to the askaris, who swung aside the pole to allow it to proceed. People on foot had to pass between the oil drums, and an askari standing there spoke to each of them.

Raphaelo approached, and the askari held out his hand and said:

"Give me your pass."

It came back to Raphaelo that everyone who left the farm he lived on needed a pass signed by his employer and that he hadn't troubled to provide himself with such a document. However, he began to look in the pockets of his overcoat and inside his old hat. After a thorough search, he put on a look of disgust and said:

"My pass has gone. I think it must have been stolen."

The European came over to see what was wrong. When the askari told him he simply said: "All right. Send him back to Tetu." He had started to walk away when he stopped and

Continued on page 29

Radcliffe (centre) confers in his office showrooms on the layout of a new kitchen. Once he smoked a hubble-bubble to win a £50,000 contract

At a London staff canteen, he chats with an office girl about food. He sometimes finds that cooks are not using the gadgets he has installed

Nigel Radcliffe makes science do the cooking

by JACK ATACK

As an expert on labour-saving devices, he tours the world fitting perfect kitchens. He solves the problems of obstinate chefs—and people who want steaks in sixty seconds

WHEN NIGEL RADCLIFFE, a catering expert, was asked to advise on equipment for a hotel kitchen in Surrey, he suggested a coal range, griller and hot closet. He added that a ventilating plant, costing £400, would be needed to keep the kitchen cool. The proprietor agreed to buy the equipment, but objected to the cost of the ventilating plant. A few months later, Radcliffe was called back to the job because working conditions had become intolerably hot.

With assistants, Radcliffe disconnected the range, lifted it on to rollers and moved it to the outside wall of an annexe to the kitchen. The old flue was blocked up and a new one built over the range. But Radcliffe was called back a second time. "The annexe had been built directly under the hotel bedrooms, and customers were complaining of the smell of cooking. We installed the ventilating plant after all."

A thirty-eight year old Londoner, qualified as a mechanical engineer, Nigel Radcliffe often deals with obstinate customers. At one university college he had to install a kitchen around a three hundred year old spit. "The staff wanted to preserve the traditional appearance of the kitchen," he says. "Their taste for antiquity cost them an extra £1,000."

Radcliffe claims that his work is often dangerous. Several years ago he was inspecting the steam main under the kitchen floor of an Oxford asylum when he saw an inmate pick up a pipe wrench and flourish it at him. Hurriedly, Radcliffe wriggled back into the main, pulled the flagstone cover over himself and tapped out an S O S with a hammer. "The men in the boiler-house, more than five hundred yards away, heard it, traced it to its source and rescued me," he says.

As chief engineer of Allied Ironfounders' Heavy Duty Cooking Division, Radcliffe wages a continual battle against waste, inefficiency and insanitary conditions in the kitchen. In the last six years, his jobs, ranging from a snack bar to a luxury hotel, have taken him to India and

HAPPY BLENDING OF CHOCOLATE AND CARAMEL

Men and women, boys and girls — *everyone* adores this two-taste thrill of succulent caramel wrapped in smooth milk chocolate.

MADE BY **DUNCAN** OF EDINBURGH

YOU'LL satisfy his appetite by serving delicious LIBBY'S STEWED STEAK. It's all specially selected beef, tender and lean, cooked in its own natural juices. Such a nourishing meal for all the family — served with vegetables or used in meat pies, stews and casseroles. And there's Libby's delicious Stewed Mutton too. Always keep a tin or two of Libby's Canned Meats by you, so handy on many occasions.

Libby's
CANNED MEATS

The name Libby has guaranteed quality for 85 years

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD., Forum House, 15/16 Lime Street, London. E.C.3

Pakistan, Burma, Cyprus, Malaya, Malta, Egypt, Australia, Italy, Spain, France, Germany and most parts of Britain. He has also visited Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden on "espionage" trips to study the latest developments in kitchen equipment. Yearly, he handles contracts worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. He has supervised the installation of more than seven hundred kitchens at home and abroad.

In an age when machines do work once undertaken by large staffs, Radcliffe often equips old kitchens with labour-saving devices. Once, he was asked to replace a baking oven with a modern piece of equipment. Built into the wall, three feet deep, the oven was crowned with a brick arch and sealed with four and a half inch thick doors. It consumed a quarter of a ton of coal a day. "When the doors were opened," he says, "I was amazed to see a small rice pudding inside."

Nest Caused Explosion

Besides installing and maintaining kitchen equipment, Radcliffe is often called on to investigate breakdowns. A few months ago, an explosion in the gas range of a school canteen rocked the kitchen and burned some of the staff. Deciding that the range was not at fault, Radcliffe examined the flue and discovered a starling's nest blocking it just below roof level.

At another school canteen the fuses of an electric range were continually blowing. Officials insisted that the equipment was faulty—until Radcliffe discovered a dead rat behind the wall. "It had been electrocuted while gnawing through the cables."

When a fire broke out in the kitchen of a London hospital, officials blamed a bad electrical connection. Radcliffe had his own suspicions. He paid a surprise visit to the kitchen and found what he expected. "A whole electric range was on full blast. The night staff sat around it—warming themselves. If the fat in the pans had ignited—as it had done before—they would have had another fire on their hands."

Radcliffe made a mistake himself, however, when kitchen equipment was delivered to an upstairs floor of the House of Commons two years ago. Fitters could not get it through the doors of the new Press Gallery cafeteria. "We had forgotten to measure the openings. It had to be hoisted up and manhandled through the windows."

Won £50,000 Contract

When a Pakistan nobleman decided to set up a welfare trust, comprising a hospital, school and hostel, he invited Radcliffe to install the kitchen equipment. Radcliffe flew to Dacca via Calcutta, changed to a houseboat, and then travelled overnight on a motor launch, sleeping on a rough, improvised mattress.

He reached Mirzapur in a temperature of 120 degrees, measured up the kitchen and left for London the next day. A few months later, however, his client decided on a smaller—and cheaper—kitchen. Faced with the prospect of losing a large order, Radcliffe flew out again.

He sat cross-legged on the cabin floor of a houseboat, smoking a hubble-bubble pipe and drinking a locally distilled whisky in order to persuade the nobleman to change his mind. "It made me feel ill. But it was worth all the trouble," says Radcliffe. "I came back with a £50,000 contract."

After examining cooking facilities at an international hospital in Malaya, Radcliffe decided that three kitchens were needed. "The Chinese patients ate chiefly fried food, the other Asiatics preferred mainly boiled food, while the Europeans ate every type. Because of the religious significance of some foods there would have been trouble if they had become mixed in preparation."

At London Airport, where his firm is carrying out its largest job, Radcliffe had to find some means of preparing quick meals for passengers in a hurry. To overcome the problem an infra-red griller was installed. "It cooks a steak in sixty seconds, a mixed grill in thirty seconds, bacon in ten seconds, fish fillets in thirty to sixty seconds, a one and a half pound chicken in seven minutes, chops and cutlets in one and a half minutes."

Radcliffe finds that gas and steam are still the most popular means of cooking, but there is a trend towards more electrical appliances. Whatever demand his equipment is designed to meet, it has to be built on battleship lines. "Chefs are notoriously rough, and usually slam oven doors with their feet. But if equipment is heavy enough it should last fifty years."

Sometimes Radcliffe's installations have a much shorter life. Not long ago, he delivered an atmospheric cooker to a firm in London but was called back to view "the damage it had caused" a week later. The oven door had been blasted out of its cast-iron frame and thrown twenty feet across the kitchen—tearing loose the wall tiles.

"An engineer had converted it from an atmospheric cooker to a pressure cooker by sealing off the normal open vent and injecting live steam at boiler pressure," says Radcliffe. "The cooker was designed for a pressure of five pounds—not sixty. Since then, safety devices have been put on the reconverted cooker—but the kitchen staff still eye it with suspicion."

While methods of preparing food for large sittings have progressed rapidly, Radcliffe meets a prejudice against equipment with too many gadgets. When Radcliffe inspected a newly installed washing-machine he found cleaning materials stored in the wire crockery trays, and the machine looking as if it had never been used.

"It hadn't," he says. "Afterwards, the cook admitted that she didn't like the look of all the gadgets."

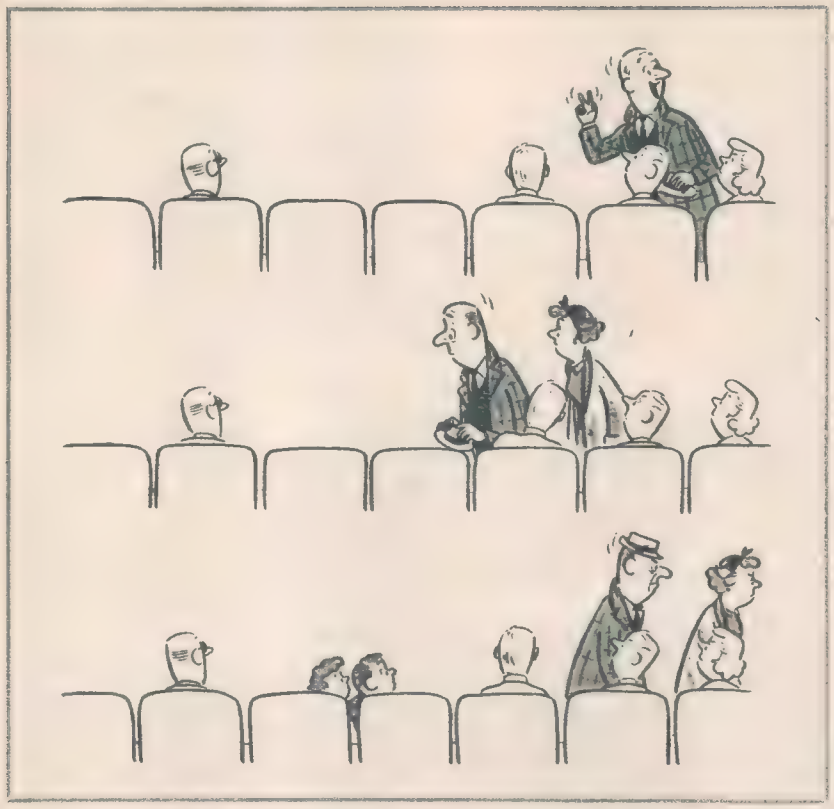
Chef Was Prejudiced

Customers have not been convinced of the advantages of some of Radcliffe's other installations at first. Not long ago, the head chef of a large London catering concern claimed that Christmas puddings cooked in new steaming ovens were soggy and tasteless. Radcliffe visited the establishment and insisted that there was nothing wrong with the equipment. Equally obstinate, the chef added that modern equipment was no substitute for old-fashioned methods of cooking. The remark aroused Radcliffe's suspicions.

As an experiment, he suggested cooking two batches of puddings—one in the old appliances, the other using new equipment. The chef would sample the results and judge for himself. After the puddings were cooked, Radcliffe marked those done in the new steaming ovens and the chef started to taste them.

"In almost every case," says Radcliffe, "he preferred those cooked with the new equipment. His chance remark had convinced me that I was up against an old-fashioned cook who was prejudiced against new ideas." THE END

"He didn't find them, did he Mummy?"



A THING TO LOVE

Continued from page 26

remarked: "That's a very smart coat of yours. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it in Tetu."

"Let me see."

Raphaelo realized that the European wanted him to take off the coat, and this angered him. It could only mean that the coat would be stolen. Besides, he had no trousers on, for he had burned them after the affray. The coat was a good, warm garment and he didn't see why the European should steal it.

"It is my coat," he said.

"Take it off!" the European ordered.

Reluctantly, he undid the buttons and the askari wrenched it from him in a rough, ill-mannered fashion. The European felt the material and in the pockets and then looked inside the back of the neck. Raphaelo could see that a tag had been sown in there with some writing on it. He realized, too late, what this must be. He saw the European's face change. It went hard, like stone, and cold with hatred, as Piet's had done when he saw into the smashed room.

"This coat belonged to bwana Foxley," the European said, looking into his eyes.

"I bought it in Tetu," Raphaelo repeated.

"Lock this man," the European ordered, and Raphaelo felt the handcuffs grip his wrists. He knew that his journey wouldn't finish in the forest or at the Mission, but at a rope's end.

After the fires of frenzy came the dull ache of fear. But he didn't struggle or try to run away, for in his heart he understood that a man defiled is a man whose body may be living, but whose spirit is already dead.

No one could have been kinder than Vi Wren, a better prop to lean on at such a time: cheerful, active, matter-of-fact; no lowered voice, pitying looks or sympathetic stare. But Pat knew that under the casing of normality she was deeply torn. The Foxleys had been Vi's friends and neighbours, and among the many things they'd shared had been the belief that they and their Africans between them had been building something not to be measured in material terms alone.

It was Vi who had done everything: sent over her two best milkers to take on the Foxleys' herd, added the task of foreman to her own duties, seen to the paying of the labour.

At the end of three days, she said to Pat:

"What d'you want to do with the farm, my dear? Will you sell it?"

"No, I don't believe I shall," Pat answered.

"You'll never be a farmer."

"I'd like to keep it on and get a manager, but I don't know whether I'll be able to."

"Managers are the devil to get nowadays. All the young men are called up."

"Sam might be able to help."

Vi smiled. "You must ask him. It's wonderful how the emergency has changed Sam. It's sobered him—I suppose it's because it's given him something to do."

Something to do! As a farmer, he surely never lacked occupation. Yet Pat could see the point of that remark. She doubted whether Sam's whole heart was in the task of husbandry as her father's had been. All her father had ever wanted was to be left alone to better his land and his animals. Why, then, had he and Mamie, who'd never harmed a soul, been hurled into that pit of pain and terror? What had they done to earn it? Why? Why?

THESE questions drilled away in futile torment at Pat's mind. She knew there could be no acceptable reply. It was a mystery, and she put aside the doubts and reproaches it provoked. Beneath the numbness of the shock, she dimly felt herself confronted by a test of character. She needed to accept, not to question or resent; but it was hard.

Only Roger, Vi's crippled son, was home now, and his was a grating influence, not an emollient one. Since the Foxleys' murder he had put away his materials and made no more fishing flies. He would sit for hours by the window, reading the whole gruesome story again and again. It fascinated him; he questioned everyone about it, even his servant, Robinson, who looked cold and stubborn and replied to every query: "I don't know."

"Pat's decided not to sell the farm," his mother told him. Whenever she could spare the time, Vi sat for a few minutes on the window-seat to bring him little scraps of news. "But the trouble is to find a manager. They're terribly hard to come by these days."

"You're not to take it on!" Roger almost fired this order at her and then, fearing he had been too peremptory, added more calmly: "You know you've got far too much already; you're worked off your feet. Don't go taking pity on Pat. Damn it, if she wants to keep the farm she can kiss those little black mission kids goodbye and come and run it herself."

"But she knows no more about it than I'd know how to teach her little

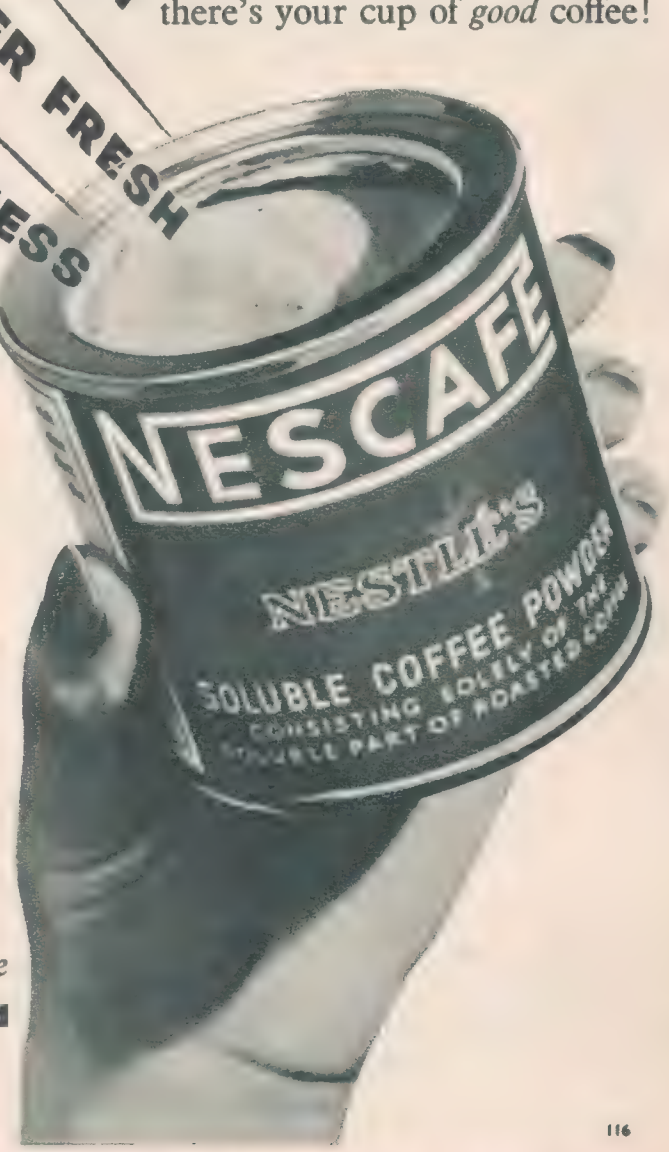
there's always time for

NESCAFÉ

100% PURE COFFEE

Nescafé is *all* coffee—made from a grand blend of fresh-roasted fresh-ground beans—prepared to retain its tempting smell and taste until the touch of piping hot water releases them right in the cup! Milk and sugar to taste—and there's your cup of *good* coffee!

RICH ROASTER FRESH GOODNESS



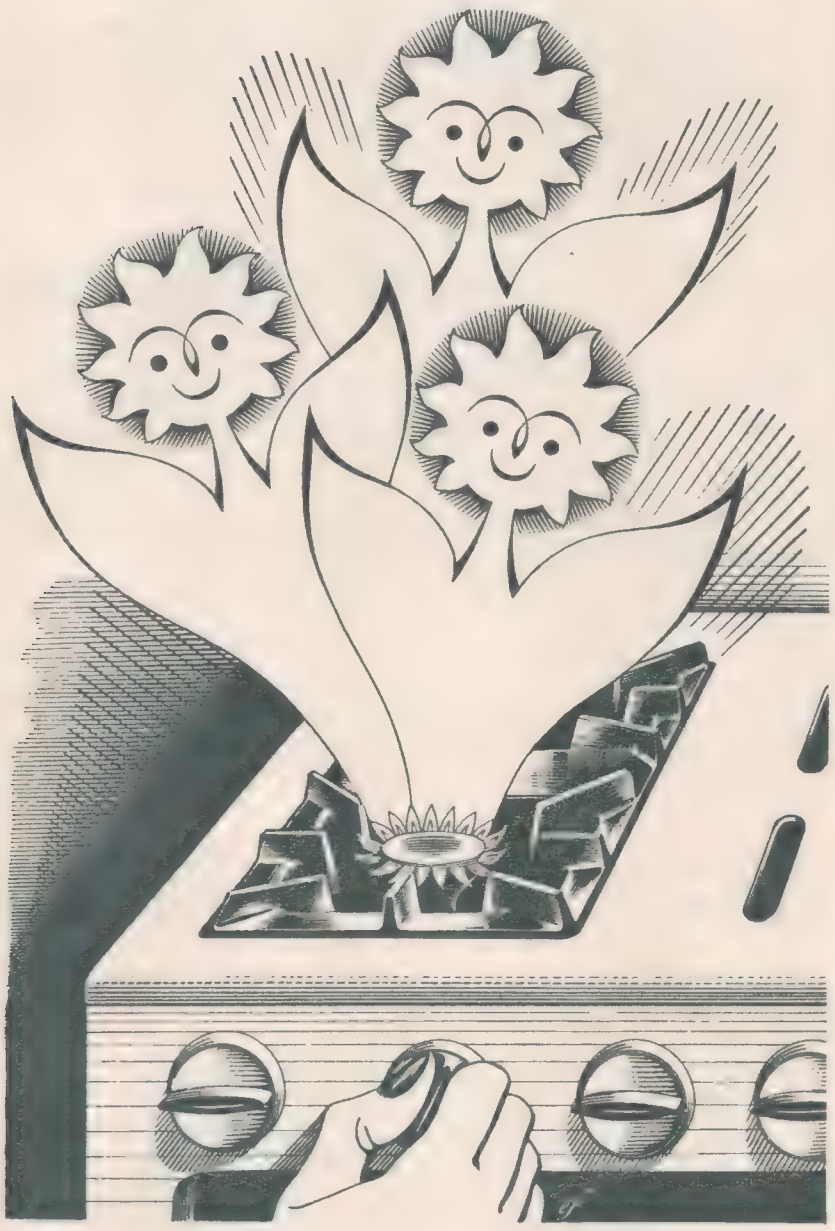
Nescafé has the biggest sale of any *instant coffee* **in the world**

116

100% PURE COFFEE—*DISSOLVES INSTANTLY*

29

3 THERMS
now do the work of 5



Know what's cooking just by looking—
down to the merest glimmer for slow simmer,
up to full flame for fast boil—that's what
the visible flame of gas means to the housewife.
She can see the flame, she can adjust to every
requirement by finger-tip control. It's all
so easy, so sure, that—for cooking—
8 out of 9 housewives say, 'Good—it's Gas'

The new gas cookers are so efficient that 3 therms of gas now do the work that required 5 therms in some of the older models. *See the many new models and enquire about easy terms at your gas showrooms.*

Good-it's GAS!

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

Issued by the Gas Council

black mission kids. However, I'm not going to take it on."

"Promise?"

She laughed. "You're a bully, Roger! But I will."

He leaned back, at once satisfied and disgusted. He'd spoken as if Vi was the only consideration, but really it was his own interest he was thinking of. More work for her meant less time for him, shorter chats over coffee, fewer of these odd snatched quarter-hours.

"Sam Gibson is coming up this evening," Vi said, "if he can get away."

"He's certainly giving Pat a run for her money. He won't rest till he's worn her down, will he?"

"Darling, I wish you wouldn't put things so bluntly," Vi protested, and kissed his forehead with a sad heart. Poor Roger, he was so transparent, thinking he was worldly and cynical but really acting like a child that hasn't been invited to a party—and never would be invited, that was the dreadful part.

Thank God she was here to look after him. That was her secret dread—that she might be killed like the Foxleys, and that Roger would be left alone. These snatched quarter-hours were the best part of her life.

After she had gone, Roger sat for a long time without attending to the task in front of him, a classification of water-insects collected from the forest streams. He couldn't concentrate on anything. Dead insects: script: fishing flies—all a futile, humiliating waste of time, something to fill in the endless desert of hours that stretched ahead for half a century.

SUDDENLY he turned his wheeled chair and went in search of Pat, who was writing letters in her bedroom. The sun slanting through the window brightened her chestnut hair and revealed faint, incipient creases on her forehead and the fullness of her sensitive mouth. He could understand the attraction she held for a man like Sam.

"Patty," he said, halting his chair close to hers, "I want to ask you a favour."

She looked up and smiled. "I'm not exactly in a position to grant favours to anyone."

"You forget that you're a landed proprietor now."

She looked down at her blotting-paper and stabbed it with a pen. "I wish I could forget it, Roger."

"You want a manager. Can I have the job?"

She looked up, unable to mask her astonishment. He burst out: "For God's sake, don't look so surprised. I know I can't walk—could your father? A bit more, but not much. I know I can't drive a tractor or set a plough, or even, I suppose, drench a cow. All right, I don't ask for money and you can pay boys who'll do those things out of the manager's salary. But I've a brain and a pair of eyes and a tongue. Aren't they of any use at all?"

Pat felt completely at a loss. While compassion was inevitable, at the same time it was stupid of Roger to put her in such a false position. Rather feebly, she said:

"You must see the difficulties. For one thing, how would you get to and fro?"

"To and from where?"

"Get over to the farm from here, I mean."

"Why should I want to? Vi could come and see me. Of course, I should live on the place."

Pat looked at him, appalled. "In the house? After——"

"Why not? D'you think I'm superstitious?"

"But Vi would never let you live alone."

"Damn it, is it for Vi to say where I'm to live? I'm over twenty-one! D'you think I'm going to be tied to her for life because I'm tied to this bloody chair?"

"That's a poor way to talk of Vi," Pat said.

"I suppose you think I've got to be grateful to her all my life because she looks after me. She's my mother, isn't she?"

"You take everything for granted, Roger!"

He laughed; now that he'd made her lose her temper he felt much better. "I'm going the wrong way about getting myself a job, evidently."

"You'd better talk to Vi."

"Oh, the hell with Vi!"

A voice which made them both start said from the doorway: "Not a very filial remark."

It was Sam, drawn to the room by their raised voices. Roger looked at him with resentment, and then at Pat, her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened by anger, and thought with bitterness: All I've done is to make her more attractive for him, warmer—like the first gin and French.

Aloud he said: "I'd better leave you two young people together. Make the most of it, Sam."

"Oh, shut up, Roger!" Pat exclaimed. "You've been difficult enough for one day. Let's go into the garden and be sensible."

But Roger left them, at once triumphant and despairing. He'd intended to coax and persuade her, and look where he'd been led by his stupidity! Yet, with Pat, he could take almost endless liberties and know that she'd come round in the end.

"Of course, it's impossible," Pat added, when she'd explained Roger's behaviour.

"I'm not so sure," Sam said. "There ought to be someone living in the house."

"But think of Vi's feelings!"

"I'm thinking of the general situation. We can't afford to look as if we've been driven out of a garden-house, let alone out of a farm. And it might be the making of Roger."

"It might be the end of him."

"We're all in that boat. By the way, I've got some news for you. Karioki has confessed and Raphaelo's been caught. They're safely in the bag—and we know the names of all the others; we shall get most of them, and they'll hang."

Pat was silent for a little. "It would be better news if we could understand what had got into them and how to cure it. Hanging people doesn't get you very far."

"It gets you farther than letting them off scot free," Sam suggested. "I've got some more news."

Pat looked at him with trepidation. "Not . . . ?"

"It's about Matthew. He's been kidnapped."

"But—didn't he have a guard?"

"Of course he had. But guards can be bribed or just go to sleep. It was at night, and they were found in the morning trussed like chickens and babbling about a raid by dozens of men. But nothing was smashed. Matthew himself must have let them in—or his wife. She was tied up, too, but very loosely, so far as I can make out. It's all a pretty fishy business, but the upshot is that Matthew's gone. One doesn't like to think of what may happen to him."

PAT was silent. As Sam said, you couldn't bear to think of these things. There seemed no bottom to the infamy of it all. She asked after the Macalisters, the Scottish couple who ran the mission school where she taught. They were all right, Sam said, and added:

"I want to ask you something, Pat."

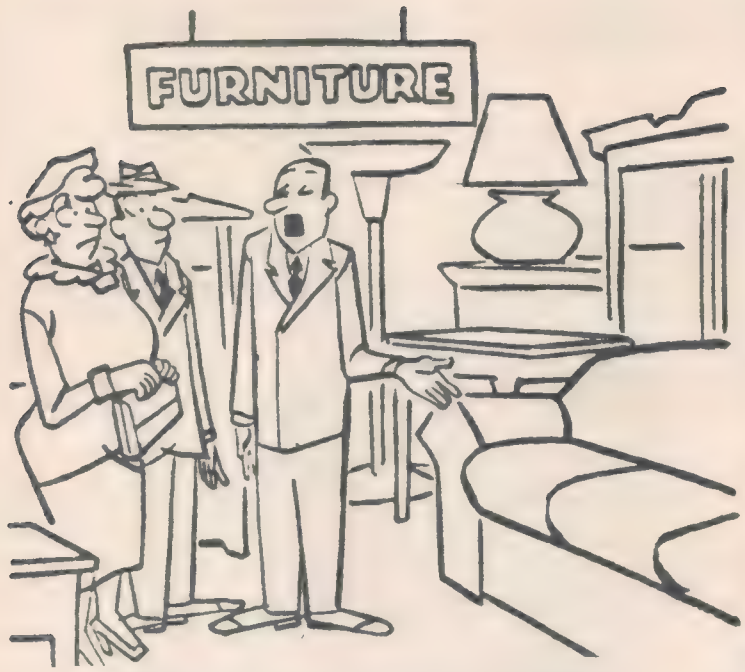
She knew what was coming. They were sitting on a low wall in the sun on the edge of the rose-garden, swinging their heels; the air smelled of honeysuckle, and several wagtails stalked about the lawn.

"Don't go back," said Sam. "The Macalisters will understand. In fact, I've spoken to them already and they quite agree."

Pat experienced the same sort of irritation Roger must have felt. After all, one's life must be one's own; one even had the right to bungle it if necessary.

"You wouldn't give up *your* job," she said. "Why do you expect me to give up mine?"

He took her hand and examined it



"The covering is scratchproof, non-fading, washable, permanent, guaranteed for years, and easily replaceable at moderate cost"

with attention, smoothing out the fingers with his own.

"Because I love you."

He hadn't seen her alone since the tragedy, or tried to force her confidence; but now, in this honeysuckle air, he couldn't resist drawing her close and gently kissing her. Perhaps it was too soon; she didn't respond as she had before; the fire was lacking.

"Don't blame me if I haven't the heart for it, Sam."

He jumped off the wall and held out his hand. "I must go. We've got to find Matthew somehow. Do you really mean to go back tomorrow to Sunguru?"

"They need me," she said. "I must go back."

Supper for the three of them was a subdued meal. The doors were locked soon after dark and Vi heated soup and scrambled eggs on a Primus stove; on no pretext was anyone allowed in. Vi and Roger laid their pistols beside them on the table. Always their ears were alert for any sound that carried the least suggestion of the abnormal. After a while, they and the house seemed to be blanketed in silence, ordinary sounds to be twice as loud as usual. Supper, the news, half an hour's knitting or mending—the routine seldom changed.

When bedtime came, Pat followed Vi to her room and spoke of her son's proposal.

"It's out of the question!" Vi exclaimed.

"All the same, I'm ready to offer him the job, and he can live in the house if he really wants to."

"How could he live alone?"

Pat had been converted by Sam to the notion of Roger's independence. She added: "Don't you think it's worth taking the risk? This might be the chance he's always wanted to put himself on all fours with other people."

"He'll never leave home," Vi said stubbornly.

"He's your son and you'll decide it between you. But give him his chance."

After Pat had gone to bed, she heard voices in Roger's room that were going on when she fell asleep, and perhaps for long after. She slept well for the first time since her parents' murder. She awoke, repaired, and saw Roger at breakfast. His dark eyes were full of animation, his hands restless, and he smiled.

"Meet your new manager!"

"I'm glad," Pat said. "Though Vi——"

"Vi will be popping over with good advice every two hours. If it comes to that, I shall need it. Pat, tell me exactly your father's plan for the new dam. We ought to get it ready for the long rains. . . ."

They discussed dams, the new paddocks, the cattle.

"The blind leading the maimed," Roger said. But Pat was amazed to find how much he knew, though she'd no way of telling whether his facts were correct and his opinions sensible. But Vi would look after that, once she'd got over the shock of losing Roger and had come to accept, even to welcome, his chance to grow away from her into a life of independence, into a world of his own.

THE second day was almost unbearable. Cords gnawed like rats into Matthew's wrists and ankles, a gag made every breath laborious, mosquitoes feasted undisturbed. Everything throbbed and burned. The sun was blinding and there was no shade, and his throat swelled with a thirst that tormented him.

The previous night, they had undone the ropes and taken him to a hut nearby where they had given him food and, above all, plenty of water. He'd realized that this part of his treatment wasn't the torture—that would come later—but merely a means of hiding him until they were ready.

Several times during the day, Matthew heard distant shouts which might have meant the advent of askaris to search every hut and beat along the valley where he lay, deep in a reedy swamp in the river bed, surrounded by black, squelching mud. They'd never find him there, and all day no one came near him, friend or enemy.

He couldn't think coherently, the pain was unrelenting and every breath, every swallow, needed a conscious effort. He tried to pray, but the thirst and the labour of breathing drove his mind here and there like a ram pricked by goads. And the sharpest of all the goads was the thought of Martha-Wambui.

He had woken up when Martha got out of bed.

"What's the matter?" he'd asked.

"I hear the baby crying."

He'd heard no sound from the baby. She'd gone into the outer room and that was when she must have opened the door. A little later, the Devil's men had sprung on him and pulled him out of bed. Thus he'd been taken in the night, naked, by a woman's treachery. As they'd dragged him off, he'd caught a glimpse of her face. She had been smiling. . . .

Matthew twisted and turned, only to make the cords press harder and the

"1,000 YARDS

— I can get down there O.K."

TIME AND FUEL are running out fast. He's got to get down. Yet his jet is fast and heavy . . . can he possibly land there, on that emergency airstrip? Is 1,000 yards enough . . . to put her down, brake and pull up? Yes it is . . . though this very aircraft once needed a runway nearly half as long again to land in safety. The difference is due to two things: the plate brake — the most efficient method of halting an aircraft yet devised — and, more important still, the Maxaret Anti-skid Unit. No bigger than a man's fist, the Maxaret allows the pilot to land with his brakes full on and without any risk of skids. It ensures a safer, shorter, smoother landing — with a heavier load yet lighter wear on valuable aero tyres. Now being fitted to Britain's most famous civil aircraft and 'super-priority' Service types, the Maxaret marks a major step forward in safer, more economical operation. It is typical, as is the plate brake, of many contributions made by Dunlop to the comfort, convenience and security of millions of people.

DUNLOP *makes things better for everyone*

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED · ST. JAMES'S HOUSE · ST. JAMES'S STREET · LONDON · S.W.1.

PR4/14

Advertiser's Announcement

FRESH FOOD NEWS

By ELIZABETH CRAIG

A word about fresh PEAS

I have a 'phone call from Mrs. Scott of Wembley.

She had just read an article in which I mentioned how regularly I use quick-frozen peas.

"I wondered," she said, "whether quick-frozen foods would suit my small budget . . ."

I was glad to put her right.

"Mrs. Scott," I said, "I can assure you that the finest quick-frozen peas—I mean Birds Eye, of course—are within the reach of everyone. What's more, they're the freshest and best peas you can buy!"

"Even better than 'fresh' peas?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, better and fresher than peas you buy in the pod in summer. Birds Eye peas are picked *young* — then shelled, packed and quick-frozen in a matter of hours. When you eat them they are *still* at their sweet and tender best. And you can buy them all the year round. There's no starchiness, no 'tinned' taste, no artificial colouring matter or preservatives. The 2/2d. Family size of Birds Eye Peas equals 2½ lb. of young peas in the pod—for there's nothing to throw away. Absolutely fresh peas, regardless of season, *at less than* 10½d. *per lb.*

"Of course, there are many other Birds Eye vegetables—and delicious fish fillets, fruits and poultry. You can get them from your Birds Eye shop—all the same high quality — all reasonably priced. And you don't need a refrigerator either."

If any of my readers want to know the name of their nearest Birds Eye shop or have any other queries, please write to me — Elizabeth Craig, Woman's Column, Dept. J.B.9, Hesketh House, Portman Square, London, W.1.

BFV 302-1011

gag more spitefully constrain his mouth. He couldn't pray any longer, his mind was suppurating with anger and grief.

Gradually the cruel heat lessened, and then the mosquitoes awoke. His captors had allowed him to put on a shirt and trousers, but his face, arms and ankles soon became coated with these insect demons and ran with blood. Their high-pitched pinging maddened him. It was as if he was being burned with matches or stabbed with pins. He rolled and writhed and then the pain of his cords attacked him, and the burning thirst.

The sun went down behind the mountains, the goats bleated their way home and darkness filled the valley, and, with it, the cold. Matthew's skin burned and shivered at the same time. He felt as if the life within him had shrunk to a compass no larger than a waxbill's egg and even that would soon disappear.

At last, he heard voices and the squelching of feet through mud. He felt the cords loosen, the gag came off, and he flooded his lungs with cool air. The ecstasy of that moment was indescribable; the long, surging in-flow of air, the dying away of the pain in his chest. Men pulled him to his feet and seized his arms. He couldn't walk, but they dragged him out of the swamp and up a hill.

In the warm, smoky darkness of a hut, someone held out a calabash of water and it seemed that life came back to him in a single gulp. They offered him food, but he couldn't swallow it, and after a little he lay down in a corner of the hut and slept.

When he was shaken into consciousness he knew that his ordeal had come, for Gitau was squatting by the fire with a plate of steaming food in front of him. The firelight shone into a face that looked as cruel as a leopard's, and when he got up it seemed to Matthew that he walked like a leopard too, softly and certainly, with precision and power. A short, harsh beard straggled over his chin and cheeks. He wore medal ribbons on his khaki shirt and a King's African Rifles slouch hat lay on the ground beside a Sten gun and a haversack.

"You see I am a soldier now," he said to Matthew, smiling as a leopard might. "Wouldn't you like to join the Kikuyuland army? If you are brave I will make you a captain. I am a brigadier."

Matthew said nothing.

"If you agree, I will tell General Banduki that you have joined the army of the forest. But I expect you are hungry, for there is no meat in a swamp. So first of all you shall eat the oath of Mumbi."

"That I will not do," Matthew answered.

"You hear him, brothers?" Gitau inquired. "He says he isn't hungry. Then perhaps you would like to stay another two or three days in the swamp?"

Matthew made no reply.

"Or perhaps you will find an appetite after a walk. Don't you remember what I promised, that you would eat the oath in the church of the Christians? Let us go, brothers, for very soon we shall hear the voices of General Banduki and his troops."

MATTHEW found that he was now able to walk, although his legs were stiff and sore, and they set off up the hill in darkness, for the moon had set. He couldn't keep pace with the leaders of the column and, when he lagged behind, a man in the rear kicked his ankles so that he couldn't help crying out. That brought him a slap in the mouth that made his lips bleed. He limped on faster, his face wet with blood and tears, and someone thrust a haversack round his neck, saying: "Now you are being honoured by Brigadier Gitau, he is trusting you with his ammunition." The haversack was very heavy but he didn't dare to drop it because of the man behind.

I am a fool, he thought, to walk up this hill carrying this haversack, because when I get to the top I shall certainly die. They will kill me whether I eat the oath or not. But I shall not eat it, because if I do so I must betray God as Martha betrayed me, and that I refuse. And if I do so I must betray Jesus who died for me on the Cross, as Judas betrayed Him, and that I refuse. And if I do so I shall betray my father, who knew these men to be the ruin of my people and was murdered by them, and this I refuse.

I must be faithful to God and to Jesus and to my father Kimani, and because of this I cannot eat the oath when I reach the top of the hill. But now God must send me strength to refuse and to go on refusing in spite of the pain, for this I cannot do alone, and if God does not send me strength then I shall do as they say. But surely God will not desert me now and leave me to betray Him and to betray His Son and my own father. And now God send me strength to suffer all that they will do to me when I reach the top of the hill, and when it is over, open to me the gates of life everlasting, world without end.

The Mission seemed to stand higher than the peak of Kerinyagga, so endless was the journey and so steep the track; and before they had reached their destination the night's quiet was broken by a long, ghastly scream. So sudden was it, so coldly did it strike into the heart, that everyone halted without a word being said, with ears pierced by that cry of a spirit torn from its body, or a heart torn from a living creature for sacrifice. The scream was not repeated, but a few minutes later came a burst of rifle fire and then a deeper silence closed in.

"General Banduki has kept his appointment," said Gitau. "What do we wait for, brothers? The general will think that we have gone to sleep if we don't hurry."

Matthew felt a heavy kick on his calves. "Walk on, bwana D.C.," said the wit behind him, "don't you know that your porters will have got your bath ready?"

The others laughed. Matthew could see that they feared nothing, for they were not troubling to move in silence; by now the Mission was no doubt captured and the people in it, who in any case had no weapons, shot or strangled or perhaps tied up to play some part in the Devil's rite soon to be held.

The church appeared before him in the darkness, a low stone building with a wooden spire and a big door under a porch. Lights were shining inside. As quickly as the thrust of a

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

JACK QUARTERMILE made his living by betting on horses. One day he noticed that a horse called Bray Lock was entered to run in a forthcoming race. Later, he received private information that Bray Lock was a certain winner. At that time the odds were 10 to 1 against.

Quartermile planned a coup. He approached Joe, a bookmaker, who agreed to cooperate. On Quartermile's behalf, Joe was to place bets totalling £10,000 on Bray Lock, with other bookmakers, spreading the money to lessen the risk of shortening the odds against the horse.

To make certain, the two men agreed that Quartermile would make a public bet with Joe at the racecourse, on another horse, to divert attention from Bray Lock. Joe was to have a share of the profits of the coup.

The scheme worked perfectly — except that Bray Lock came last. Quartermile thought he had lost his money, until he discovered that Joe had cheated him.

Certain that Bray Lock had no chance, Joe had never placed the bets. He had put Quartermile's £10,000 into his own bank; now he refused to hand it over. Quartermile sued him for the return of the money.

"This man was my agent for the purpose of placing the bets, and he did not do so," Quartermile told the judge. "He has kept the money wrongly and must repay it."

"Perhaps I did keep the money," answered Joe. "But it is a rule of law that a man may not sue another about an act done under an illegal contract. Our contract was illegal, and Quartermile cannot complain."

"Rubbish," retorted Quartermile. "You can't take advantage of the law to get away with dishonesty like this. You must hand over the money."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 34

Easy as pie!

And how they'll love it!

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

IT'S AS EASY AS THIS

You'll need :

1 tin of Nestlé's Condensed Milk;
Juice and grated rind of one Lemon;
2 Eggs;
2 level teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar;
1 oz. Castor Sugar;
1 Pastry Case baked to 9" in diameter;
Cherries and Angelica to decorate.

Mix together the Nestlé's Milk, lemon juice and grated rind, egg yolks and cream of tartar. Pour this mixture into the baked pastry case. Beat the egg whites stiffly, fold in half sugar, whisk and pile on top of flan, peaking it attractively. Sprinkle with rest of sugar and decorate with cherries and angelica. Bake until set in a cool oven, 200° F. (mark ½). 6 servings.

**This is one from scores of their "Favourite Recipes", which Nestlé's will be happy to send you FREE, if you write to The Nestlé Company Ltd., (Dept. 24) Hayes, Middlesex.*

Easy as pie? It's easier! Almost any other pie is harder to make than this. Open a tin of Nestlé's Milk, and perfect Lemon Meringue becomes grown up child's-play! This snow-soft, honey-smooth, creamy and nourishing pie has a sharp-sweet lemony filling that is mixed in moments rather than minutes. If they've been a bit slow to realise what a wonderful cook you are, now's your chance to show them!

NESTLÉ'S MILK – Cooks' delight!

* Such as Chocolate Fudge, Coconut Pyramids, Satin Creams, Dundee Cake; all far nicer and more nourishing made with Nestlé's Milk.

SEE, it dissolves

When you drop a 'Disprin' tablet into water it dissolves. It does not lie inactive and inert at the bottom of the tumbler – it dissolves.

Unlike aspirin, Disprin is freely soluble; therefore, it behaves differently in the water, and in the stomach. Disprin enters the stomach as a solution and not as a suspension of undissolved acid particles. Moreover, because 'Disprin' is freely soluble and far less acid, it is far less likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia, or other symptoms of gastric irritation.

The Disprin tablet becomes active and begins to dissolve at once. In a matter of seconds the solution is complete and ready to be absorbed into the system. The action of Disprin in the glass is the outward sign of an advance in aspirin therapy of importance and benefit to all who need relief from pain.

DISPRIN
REG'D.

is recommended for all those conditions in which aspirin would otherwise be taken.

From all Chemists. 50-tablet bottle 3/2d. 26-tablet bottle 1/11d. 8-tablet pocket pack 8½d.

Do you suffer from Exhaustipation?

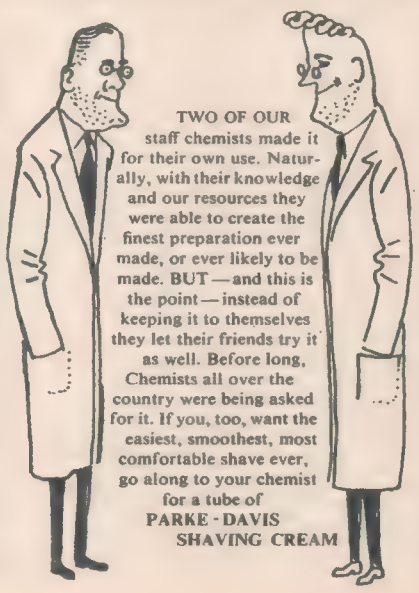
IT HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble lies in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again — and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today — and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.



TWO OF OUR staff chemists made it for their own use. Naturally, with their knowledge and our resources they were able to create the finest preparation ever made, or ever likely to be made. BUT—and this is the point—instead of keeping it to themselves they let their friends try it as well. Before long, Chemists all over the country were being asked for it. If you, too, want the easiest, smoothest, most comfortable shave ever, go along to your chemist for a tube of

PARKE-DAVIS SHAVING CREAM

spear, panic stabbed into Matthew's bowels. He dropped the haversack and flung himself on to the night's mercy, but his feet stumbled, he was seized and flung to the ground. He lay there panting for breath. A man stood over him, and he recognized the voice of Gitau.

"You cannot leave us now, brother. We have a feast prepared," mocked Gitau, and a boot crashed into his side, contorting him with pain.

The lanterns in the church threw back small folds of darkness here and there, to shine on moving limbs and faces. All round was the night, which was not to be dislodged by such feeble challengers. A hurricane lamp hung from the lectern and a lamp of a different kind had been placed on the altar. Matthew could see that an arch of green leaves had been set up in the chancel just below the altar rails. And, close to the altar, lay a man who now and then gave out a long, weak groan. He was dying, Matthew thought; why, he didn't know. He wished with all his heart that he could change places. The body was like a coat that must be taken off, but it was stitched to the spirit, and it was the bloody rending of the stitches that he so greatly feared.

There were preparations. His clothes were stripped off, a circle was cleared and Matthew could see that other prisoners like himself had been brought in. Several were women. They whimpered, and nothing could stop them, and one rocked to and fro and moaned. Matthew could not see any European. Whether the Macalisters had been killed already or were held captive he couldn't tell.

At last Gitau stood before him with his leopard's face, wearing a surplice he'd doubtless taken from the vestry—the Reverend Zacharias's, probably. Matthew wondered what had happened to the Macalisters' brave African colleague. The thought of Zacharias strengthened him, and made him feel that he was not alone.

"Come, son of Kimani," Gitau said. "Are you ready to eat Mumbi's oath?"

Matthew looked at Gitau and anger rose up to melt the fear in his heart. This was the man who'd killed his father: this was the man who had stolen his wife. Death would be sweeter than to crawl before him through the arch of leaves.

"I will never eat it," he said.

"That we shall see."

When he was dragged a second time before the oath-giver, Matthew was crying out for mercy and seared with burns. On his back, four great blisters marked the letter M. His cries had delighted everyone. He stood before Gitau and when the question was repeated he had no strength left to refuse. Gitau laughed and said:

"Isn't this a church of Christians? Go down on your knees."

Matthew obeyed him, his body wrung by torment and his heart by shame. Now he must deny his God as Peter had denied Him, because his strength had not been great enough or his courage sufficient. Peter had not been tortured; he had only feared ignominy, yet God had shown him mercy and made him a saint.

MATTHEW bent forward, crying with pain. Gitau said: "See, you are in good Christian company." And he pointed to the man lying by the altar steps, but not yet dead, for now and again he still faintly groaned.

"Don't you recognize him?" asked Gitau. "Make him sit up, and then Matthew can see him."

Two men propped the figure up against the altar, and the lamp standing there threw its light down on to the face of Zacharias.

Matthew could not bear to look at the dying priest and, raising his eyes, fixed them on the simple brass crucifix that hung immediately behind the altar. It seemed to glow with a clear, quiet light of its own. As he looked at it he thought that it grew bigger and had some message for him that passed, without words, directly into his soul.

Then he found that he could pray again for strength and, when he heard Gitau's leopard voice barking at him, he looked up at his tormentor without hatred or fear, but with a strange sense of joy, for he found that God had filled his soul with a great living flood of strength and that nothing which might happen now could break him.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, he said in his mind, and got slowly to his feet. Although he could feel the pain, it seemed to belong to a body that was separate from his mind, and no longer controlled it. He said:

"God has spoken to me and I shall not eat."

"You are wasting my time," Gitau proclaimed, and took a knife from his pocket.

Matthew repeated: "I shall not eat."

"Seize him," Gitau ordered, and Matthew was thrown to the floor. As his arms were pinioned he heard a crash and the sound of glass breaking. He lashed out with his legs and struggled on the floor for a few moments, until the agony of his back again overwhelmed him.

When they had propped Zacharias against the altar and mocked him, they had revived his failing wits for the last time. He remembered where he was, and summoned all his strength to offer up a final prayer.

"God have mercy on my soul," he said, "and on these men whose souls have been taken by the Devil;" and, conscious that he was sliding down into a pit from which there could be no return, he reached up a hand to save himself and pulled at the cloth covering the altar. The cloth could not save him, and he slid down, and with it came the lamp which crashed on to the floor.

A FEW moments later someone cried "Fire!" and several men tried to stifle the flames with coats. But paraffin from the broken lamp had spilled over the altar cloth; the wooden altar itself caught fire and soon that whole part of the church was blazing.

"Do not let go of the prisoners!" Gitau shouted above the crackling of the flames, which sounded like the laughter of God in Matthew's ears. Gitau blew a whistle and shouted orders which everyone obeyed instantly; soon Matthew's hands were tied behind his back and roped to the hands of a woman, until all the prisoners were lashed together. Flames were roaring in the roof, the heat intensifying, but Gitau's men finished their task.

"It is a great pity you cannot eat the oath, for now you must die hungry, you white Kikuyu," Gitau said to the prisoners. "We should have welcomed you as brothers, but now it is too late. Never mind, the key is in the door and I shall take care to see that though you must go hungry, you will not be cold."

With that, he threw off his surplice, picked his coat and Sten gun from the floor and ran out of the door. The prisoners heard it slam behind him and a moment after that a blazing rafter fell to the floor.

"The roof is falling," one of the women wailed; but Matthew, who had seen through the doorway when Gitau ran through it, shouted:

"God has heard us, we are saved." For in that brief moment he had seen the headlights of a car climbing up the hill.

To be concluded next week

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 32, the judge said that Quartermile and Joe had conspired to make a sham bet on the racecourse. Making such a bet was an illegal act which made their contract illegal, too. "In these circumstances," decided the judge, "I will not assist a person to recover money paid to another for an illegal purpose." Quartermile lost his case, and Joe kept the money. (***This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.***)

LIGHT ME A CANDLE

Continued from page 12

men, covering them with automatic rifles.

Victor got slowly to his feet, his arms up. He said wearily in English: "You'd better get a stretcher for my officer. His ankle's broken."

"*Si parla Italiano?*"

"I can't speak Italian."

As Victor was marched away, he passed the tall pillars of the aqueduct. The sun had risen now and in its bright beam he saw, carved in the stone, the initials "V. C. 1930."

Interrogation at Bari was almost perfunctory. "It is fortunate for you, Sergeant," the Italian major said to Victor, "that you have landed in uniform." He smiled ingratiatingly. "Now I am sure you can tell us a little more before you are sent to a prison-camp."

"I'm sorry, sir. I've said all I can . . . name, rank and number. I have nothing else to say."

The major sighed. He stood up and saluted as a colonel strolled into the room.

"Well, what results?"

"None, alas. The English are very stubborn, Signor Colonnello."

Colonel Lauria looked casually at Victor. A vague thought seemed to pass through his mind, for he narrowed his eyes for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders as if dismissing whatever brief speculation it had been. The major sat down at the table. As he did so, his field-boot kicked the leg accidentally—and a bottle of red ink rolled across the surface and fell on the floor. It broke—and a dark red pool spread over the stone. He jumped to his feet.

"I'm so sorry, Signor Colonnello. It was clumsy of me."

"Do not distress yourself. Splinters bring luck."

Splinters bring luck. The phrase rang like the soft chime of a remembered bell. Broken glass, a dark red pool on a floor, splinters bring luck, splinters bring luck, splinters bring luck. . . . He looked from the spreading stain to the dark young man in uniform who stood impassively to attention. Again his eyes narrowed. He said sharply:

"March the prisoner out and bring him back when I call."

"Si, Signor Colonnello."

As the door closed behind Victor, Colonel Lauria turned to the major. He spoke very slowly.

"I am not satisfied. I believe that I have seen that man before. I think . . . I think that he may be an Italian."

"But sir, with deep respect, the sergeant is typically English. He is obstinate, not intelligent, brave in a way. . . ."

"Be silent for a moment and let me think," said Colonel Lauria. He drew from his pocket a little manicure file and began delicately to attend to his nails, working methodically from finger to finger. Absently he glanced at the red stain on the floor. He shook his head. Splinters bring luck, splinters. . . . He brought both hands together with a sharp clap.

"I think I've got it," he said. "Yes, I'm sure I have. Corporal, bring in the prisoner!"

Reflectively, he lit a cigarette, and then Victor again stood before him.

"Cigarette, sergeant?"

"No thank you, sir. I don't smoke."

"Your name, I think, is Cantorelli," said Colonel Lauria in a smooth voice. "And I think that your father keeps a restaurant in London where I have had dinner. Some wine was spilled on that occasion, some red wine. Look at the floor, sergeant. Is your name not . . . Cantorelli?"

"No, sir. My name's Richards and my father was a seaman. He's dead."

"I'm afraid I don't believe you. I believe that a few years ago your father introduced me to you. He told me that one day you would be a great surgeon." He frowned. "Have you never heard the expression 'Splinters bring luck'? Would you not like a glass of Puligia wine . . . Sergeant Cantorelli?"

"I have told you that my father was a seaman. Like he used to be, I'm a beer drinker myself, sir. Mild and bitter, sir, in pint glasses. I don't know one wine from another."

The major broke in helpfully. "At Puligia, Signor Colonnello, there is an innkeeper named Cantorelli. I have eaten at his *albergo*. His ravioli. . . ."

"Let this innkeeper be fetched."

UNCLE GIUSEPPE stared hard at his nephew. "No, sir, I've never seen this man. I did have a cousin in London who had a son, but I have not been in touch with them for years."

The major shrugged his shoulders.

"I am certain, sir," he said, "that this is a case of mistaken identity."

"Perhaps," Colonel Lauria replied. "Perhaps. And yet. . . ." He frowned. "I have a duty to do, no matter how distasteful it may be, and I must be *sure*." He looked up sharply. "The sergeant will come to Rome with me."

Two days later, Rome Radio made the following announcement during its English news bulletin:

"The High Command of the Army announces the capture near Puligia of a certain Vittorio Cantorelli, an Italian subject, masquerading in British uniform. His mission, which was a total failure, was one of sabotage. His father is known to keep a restaurant in Bean Street, London. Cantorelli, who was armed and who carried explosives, had adopted the false name of Richards. He has been tried by court-martial, as a traitor. He was shot this morning in accordance with military law."

This broadcast was far from being overlooked in London.

When the *Daily Flash* reporter

NEW! BAND-AID

TRADE-MARK

plastic first aid dressing

STICKS FAST- STAYS FAST- EVEN IN WATER!

Make this test! Just touch a plastic BAND-AID Dressing against an egg. It sticks on so firmly you can lift the egg. And it stays on—even when you plunge the egg into boiling water. Think what this means! This first aid dressing will stay on *you* all day—through washing, washing-up, bathing, everything! Amazing new plastic BAND-AID Dressing!

Wash up in it!

Towel it! It won't come off! This new plastic dressing fits as neatly and cleanly as a second skin.

Get a tin of plastic BAND-AID Dressings for your home to-day —you may need it tomorrow!

9d. and 1/6.

MADE BY Johnson & Johnson (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., SLOUGH

His sports jacket bears a mark which is PROTECTED BY LAW!

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REGISTERED TRADE MARK Nº 319214
GRANTED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
MADE FROM 100% PURE WOOL

There are many things about Harris Tweed which make it different from all other tweeds. Its quality, style and character for instance. But did you know it bears a Mark which is legally protected? The Harris Tweed Trade Mark has been granted by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark to guarantee that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.

Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Make the Most of your Money with a Royal London GUARANTEED CASH BONUS POLICY

Secure the triple benefits which this policy provides—life assurance, saving for old age AND guaranteed bonuses in CASH *during* the policy period. All for a small weekly saving.

You are invited to send the completed coupon for details.

FOUNDED 1861
ASSETS EXCEED £110,000,000

Royal London — Mutual Insurance Society Ltd.
ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2.

Please let me have full details of your Cash Bonus Policies.

NAME.....AGE....

ADDRESS.....

.....

½d. stamp if posted in unsealed envelope

S. 13

reached Bean Street, he was relieved to find that the ill news which he bore had already reached Cantorelli's. Although Enrico never listened to Rome Radio, several of the neighbours did and some of them were now gathered in the restaurant. Maisie had collapsed and was upstairs; Enrico seemed to have aged by ten years; Françoise, very pale and dry-eyed, sat in a corner, a handkerchief twisting in her fingers.

"I only know that my husband went away," she told the reporter. "I thought he was in Tunis. He told me nothing."

A young officer wearing Intelligence Corps flashes pushed through the group. "Mrs. Cantorelli? May I speak to you privately?"

"Of course," said Françoise dully.

When they were alone, Françoise looked pitifully at the officer. He nodded slowly.

"I'm afraid it must be true," he said. "I can tell you now that your husband did go to Italy with a party, but we don't know how they identified him. In spite of what Rome Radio says, their mission was not a failure. It was a great success. Your husband stayed behind to care for his officer who had broken his ankle. The rest of the party got away. We've had a full report from them."

"Rome wouldn't say he'd been shot if it wasn't true, would they?"

"There would be no point, would there? Somehow they've got all their facts right. His operational name *was* Sergeant Richards and he *was* carrying plastic explosive. Don't speak to the press about what I've just told you. I only give you the facts so that you may yourself know what a brave man your husband was."

"A man, a reporter, has already been here. I could tell him nothing that he did not know already. His paper had heard the broadcast, too."

"Let me tell you what will happen now. The reporter who interviewed you will write his account of it and submit this account to the military censor. You see, Mrs. Cantorelli, the sole purpose of censorship is to deny to the enemy information which might be of assistance to him in the prosecution of the war. As we unhappily know, the enemy already *has* this information, so censorship cannot apply. There's bound to be something in the papers tomorrow."

THERE *was* something in the papers next day, and a dozen reporters swarmed around Cantorelli's. But Françoise was not at home. She was listening to an impressive, sympathetic gentleman in an office "somewhere in London."

"The Ministry of Information have agreed, Mrs. Cantorelli, that it would be an excellent thing if you could bring yourself to broadcast a brief tribute to your husband . . . perhaps on the Home Service tonight. There is no doubt, I fear, that he is dead. Or is that asking too much?"

Françoise shrugged her shoulders. "It is the last thing I can do for him. Perhaps people will remember my Victor. Certainly I will broadcast."

It was nine o'clock.

". . . here is the news, and this is Frank Phillips reading it. In the Postscript, Mrs. Cantorelli will speak of her husband, who, as many listeners will have read in their newspapers, has given his life both for Britain and for Italy. . . ."

Two armed sentries came to Victor's cell in the Regina Coeli Prison in Rome. "You are to come to the governor's office at once. No, you will not require your things."

A large wireless stood in the corner of the bleak, official room. As Victor entered, he was astonished to hear the familiar voice of a British announcer. Colonel Lauria and a major sat beside the governor.

"Sit down, Sergeant, please, and listen."

". . . and that is the end of the news. And now Mrs. Cantorelli will speak briefly of a brave man whom she, and we, have lost."

The two officers were looking hard at Victor. They saw his hands grip the sides of the chair on which he sat until the knuckles showed white beneath the skin.

"My husband is dead. . . ." The dear voice, whose every inflection he knew so well, was speaking to him—*"and I want to tell you a little of what he was and of what he wanted to do.*

He was not a traitor. He loved England, which made him, and Italy, where he was born. He knew that this war between the countries he loved was suicide for Italy and death to thousands of Englishmen, of whom he counted himself one. . . ."

In London, the Watkinses and the Cantorellis were together at last. Enrico held Maisie's hand, stroking her fingers with great tenderness. But not even the sorrow and the solemnity of the moment could silence Yvonne Watkins. She said, sobbing, *"J'ai toujours dit que Victor était un type épatant."*

"No you didn't," said Albert Watkins furiously. "For years and years you said he was a no-good. It was me that said. . . ."

"Hold your tongue," hissed Yvonne. "How do you dare to speak thus of one who is the husband of your own daughter?"

ENRICO raised his head. He said with dignity: "I wish to listen to my daughter-in-law speaking of my son. . . ."

In the shadowy, Roman dusk of the governor's office, the cool, fresh young voice went on:

"Before he left me for the last time, Victor and I went into the country. He played cricket on a village green and afterwards, as we walked beside a stream when darkness was falling, he said to me 'This is home . . . something to fight for . . . I must fight for Italy, too.' I said in a letter which he may never have received, that even if he died, I must live on for our unborn child. If Victor can hear me now, in the Heaven where God gives rest to brave men, he will be happy to know that I will light a candle to his memory—a living candle who will always be proud of an heroic father. Victor was the breath of my body, my life and my whole strength. . . ."

Victor, who had sat in stunned silence, sprang to his feet. "Damn you! Why did you have to do this to me?"

"Because we weren't sure."

Colonel Lauria looked at the major and both looked at the governor. The colonel made a small, resigned gesture with his hands, rose and walked across the room to Victor.

"I am truly sorry," he said. "In my heart I hoped that I had made a mistake. But it is over now . . . *finito*. I will do my best to insist that you shall be sentenced not as a traitor but as an honourable soldier. At least I will try. I can make no promise, you understand. . . ."

"Thank you, sir." Victor stood up. With the warder behind him, he marched out of the room, his shoulders square and his back as straight as a lance.

Today, in both Cantorelli's and Chez Dubois, diners may observe a large photograph of a young man in uniform. Mrs. Watkins has adorned the frame of her picture with a ribbon on red, white and blue. Old residents of Bean Street sometimes feel, when they see a sturdy, dark-haired little boy, playing cricket in a blind alley or kicking up a row with other urchins in the street, that the years have somehow slipped back: for here is the living image of Victor, as he was not so very long ago.

The boy is equally at home at Cantorelli's and at Chez Dubois. He adores his Grandpa Enrico and his Grandpa Albert; but most of all he adores his mother, and, thanks to her, the young man whose picture stands beside his bed.

"My Dad," he tells his friends, "was a hero." And they almost believe him.

THE END

"I wouldn't complain about the hair in your soup, dear. They're bound to come out with some sarcastic remark"

MAGGIE WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

Continued from page 21

whether they liked or hated each other. Fred, resentful of the smallest criticism, frequently walked out in a huff, but he was usually back in a few days, and Joe would come upon him busy at one job or another. Only once had Fred been heard to comment on the Guv'nor, after a few pints. "He's a bad-tempered old cod," he said, "but he treats his animals right."

Maggie divided her favours impartially between them. She had long since modified the graceful airborne paces of the high-stepper to a useful jog-trot, but she had never learned to walk. Always in a hurry and eager to be off, she was nevertheless so biddable and good-natured that a child in the saddle could manage her without difficulty. She was a neat, busy little matron with a passion for eating—anything edible would do—and a profound dislike of perambulators and umbrellas.

But she was going on twenty years old—Fred argued fiercely that she was no more than eighteen—and she was no longer a workable proposition for a busy stable, short of space and hard put to it to make a living. One day Joe mentioned to Fred that he thought of sending her to a home of rest.

He was surprised at the malevolent look which replaced the familiar scowl. "Not while I live and breathe!" muttered the old man, and Joe, full of his own secret grief, swore at him fiercely and the two quarrelled bitterly and cursed each other and then fell silent.

The next day an order came for a bunch of horses to join a film unit on location about sixty-five miles north of London. Joe decided to send Maggie with them. From the nature of the film, he knew she would not be asked to do too much and she could come to no harm in the mild June weather. Maggie knew how to look after herself and because she was still a little beauty she would be used in every shot that needed a horse, and that would mean a useful fee.

He postponed his ideas about sending her away until the film job was done. It might run to six or eight weeks and Maggie's future could be decided later.

When he told Fred, the old man said nothing. He had overheard the Guv'nor making telephone arrangements to take a livery horse in Maggie's box. He had made his own plans.

It was easy to put Maggie in the bigger of the two horse boxes. She never made any bones about walking up the ramp and stowing herself away in a corner, and when the box was full, nobody noticed Fred, squatting at Maggie's heels in the darkness.

It was dusk when they arrived on location. The horses were turned out for the night, Maggie with them, and Fred bedded himself down under a hedge, wrapping himself in a horse cloth he found under the driver's seat.

Next morning he was awakened early by the stuttering song of a blackbird, busy in the hedge above his face. He left the horse cloth across the back of one of the grazing animals, found Maggie and set off with her, walking away from the sun.

They had been going a couple of hours, maybe three, when Fred decided it was time for breakfast. His feet hurt and Maggie needed watering. He managed to pull himself to the top bar of a convenient gate and, somewhat unsteadily, surveyed the surrounding fields. Sure enough, there was a line of pollarded willows over to the right. He lowered himself stiffly on to Maggie's comfortable back and she took him over two fields to the bank of a quiet little stream, no more than ten feet wide.

Fred removed his boots and socks and put his tired feet in the cool water while Maggie splashed happily in the shallows, nosing the surface of the water with great sweeping movements of her head as though she were trying to dig her way to the bed of the stream.

The sun was now high and the day promised great heat. Fred knew that he needed food. He had no clear idea where he was going nor what he intended to do, but he knew he would be able to think better with a full stomach. He was so empty he felt queer-like and mazy, so he collected Maggie again and made for a church steeple which rose above a clump of trees over to the south.

A cloud of flies floated round his head, and judging from the mare's sudden side-skips, they were biting her, too. What kind of greenstuff was it that his father used to tie to the farm horses to keep off flies? He couldn't remember what it was called but he'd know if he saw it.

He searched the hedge until he found a bush that looked right, and twisted several bunches of leaves across Maggie's forehead so that they hung down over her eyes like an overlong Edwardian fringe. He broke off a handful of twigs for himself and used them to brush the mare's sides and

Tailored Coats by

Expertly cut and finished, Children's Coats tailored by Chilprufe are available in a wide variety of styles and designs. Cloths include Harris and other Scotch hand-woven tweeds, soft velours and fine worsteds. Ample provision is made for lengthening hems and sleeves.

Ask your Chilprufe Agent or write for Illustrated Catalogue

Chilprufe

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

"Yes, roses are my favourite too! I love their fragrance about the house, and naturally I use Rose Perfumed Mansion Polish to add to the charm."

New Rose Perfumed 'Mansion', apart rom its delightful fragrance, has a lasting shine, which is even easier and simpler to obtain.

price 1/3

ROSE PERFUMED MANSION HYGIENIC WAX FURNITURE POLISH

Rose perfumed **MANSION**

IF YOU STILL PREFER THE POPULAR ANTISEPTIC PERFUME —USE MANSION POLISH, LIGHT OR DARK

11d., 1/6d. & 3/9d.

The smile of confidence...

Kolynos

fresh... a lasting, healthy freshness!

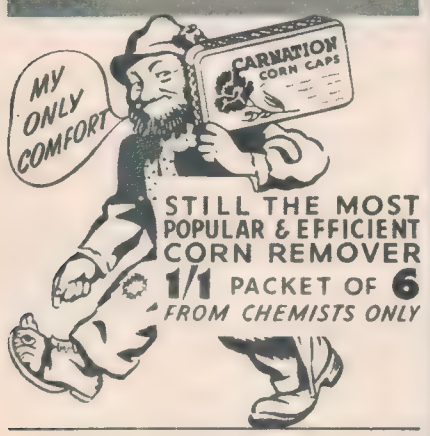
A girl like this will always be the centre of admiring attention. The secret is in the smile—so vivid and full of **confidence.** Thanks to Kolynos, she knows that her breath is always as sweet as her teeth are pleasing. And Kolynos protects both her teeth *and* gums. No wonder she has **confidence**—with Kolynos her lovely smile is insured for keeps.

take your choice

Kolynos Toothpaste with chlorophyll (green pack) 1/10d.
Standard Kolynos Toothpaste (yellow pack) 1/7d.

KT5 54

CARNATION CORN CAPS



STILL THE MOST POPULAR & EFFICIENT CORN REMOVER
1/1 PACKET OF 6
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

CUXSON, GERRARD & CO. LTD.

BOOKLET

Free! "BUYING SHARES OUT OF EARNINGS"

Become a shareholder in Britain's prosperous industries for as little as £5 down. This booklet explains how. Sent post free. Write to:

Investment Service Dept. X

WHITEHEAD INDUSTRIAL TRUST LIMITED

177 Regent St., London, W.1.

Licensed Dealers in Securities

Directors:
A. J. Whitehead, J. D. Kyle, C.A.

rump as she jogged beside him, and to take an occasional swipe at the attendant cloud.

He had been walking about half an hour, he reckoned, when he came near enough to the church clock to read its dial and to discover to his great relief that it was eleven thirty—opening time. There, conveniently opposite the church gate, stood a small pub, and five minutes later Fred was in the public bar with a cold meat pie, bread and cheese and a pint of old and mild before him.

After a while another customer arrived, peered at Fred's order and bespoke the same for himself, seating himself at the other end of the bar counter. He was a short, stout man, white-haired, blue-eyed and with a face as red as the setting sun. Fred took no notice of him and both men chewed steadily.

Presently the barman disappeared through a door in response to a shout from the back and then the newcomer spoke, "That your pony out there?"

"Yes," said Fred.

The red-faced man crossed to the window and looked out. "You'd better see to her!" he remarked, chuckling. "Bob Tyler here sets some store by his window-boxes. She's finished one. Won't take 'er long by the look of things. . . ."

As Fred hobbled out, Maggie was just helping herself to the last calceolaria. It stuck out of the side of her mouth as she masticated with relish. Both window-boxes were completely bare.

"I'd be in favour of moving on afore he finds out," remarked the red-faced man, pulling out a large clean handkerchief and holding it out. "Here."

FRED collected the remains of his pie and the untouched bread and cheese, downed his ale and followed his new friend. Together they untied Maggie and went off up the lane.

"Bit of good luck old Bob feeds his pigs about this time. He'd entered his window-boxes for the competition. He won't like 'em when he sees 'em!" Throwing back his head, the red-faced man went off into a spasm of bronchial guffaws, and, what with laughing and coughing, was soon in need of another drink. Between gasps, he steered Fred towards another inn farther along the village street.

"That's a powerful pretty little hoss you got there. Is she yours?"

"Sort of," replied Fred.

The man looked at him. "My name's Ted Appleyard," he said. "I tend the churchyard here. Where are you from?"

"We come a long way," said Fred.

"Passing through?"

"Don't rightly know yet."

One pint led to another, and Fred, after his long walk and the slightly unnerving effect of the whole adventure, soon felt very muzzy indeed on the strong country ale. He began to realize that at seventy you can't carry on like a young fellow in his twenties, for all you were born on a farm and walked your twenty miles a day regular—all those many years ago. He felt slightly tearful.

"We're both too old," he muttered, rather throatily. "Old Maggie an' me, a couple of old crocks, that's what, no use to anybody!"

Ted Appleyard gave him a mighty slap on the back. "Can't speak for you," he said, "but she's no crock. Fifteen years, eighteen maybe. What's the odds? A neat little job and as full of courage as a hen is of fleas. She's won a few prizes in 'er time, I'm thinking."

"Champion Mar—Margra. . . ." Fred gave it up. "Yes," he said at last, "eighteen years is about right, and I've known 'er for ten of 'em. And now we're too old, both of us."

But he need not have worried, for Ted Appleyard was no more proof against Maggie's charm than hundreds before him.

"I could put a scheme to you," he said, "if you was willing to listen. . . ."

Three months later, towards the end of a golden September, the three of them were still together. Maggie pulled the mower and the grass rake round the churchyard and its war-graves annexe. Fred slept in the spare room of Ted's cottage and helped with a bit of gardening, but he was neither happy nor satisfied. He liked to go about his work in silence. He liked to listen to the wind rustling the seeded heads of the long grasses round the gravestones and the murmur of bees in the flowers. None of these things was possible. Ted overwhelmed him with an endless flow of conversation.

But more important was the question of Maggie, who had become the village pet, though still a terror for window-boxes. She was a regular guest in the bar parlour at the Plough Inn, where she went through the pockets of the customers, to their delight and her own huge satisfaction.

At the church garden party, the prettiest girls of the village queued up to have sixpenny rides on her and feed her with lumps of sugar.

She made herself useful to the community in a dozen ways and grew disgracefully fat. It was Ted Appleyard's attitude Fred didn't care about. Like as if he owned the pony. It was "our Maggie" all over the place, and once or twice, when he didn't know Fred was listening, even "my Maggie."

As the days shortened and the nights grew chilly, Fred began to consider the coming of winter. Maggie did, after all, belong to the Guv'nor. If the mare had to be shared with anyone, it might as well be with her rightful owner. One wet night he tried to explain matters to Ted, but was unable to make his point. Ted saw no reason for any change. Winter stabling could be found easily enough in the village and there would be plenty of light work for Maggie. . . .

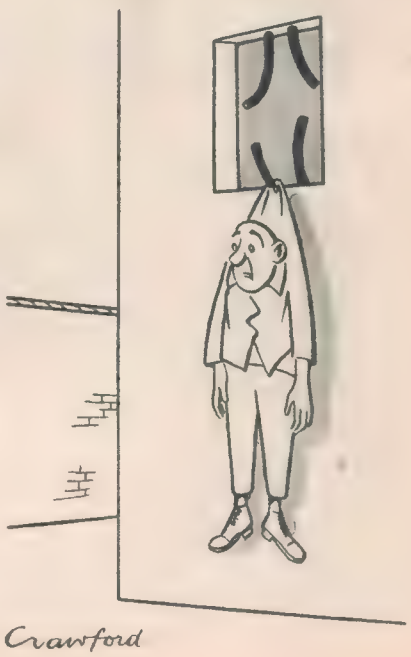
Fred realized that he would have to run away again.

He got up very early one morning, on the excuse of taking her to the farrier, and he left a stub of paper by the kitchen sink, "Much obliged for all you've done, Yrs. truly, F. Mullens," and he set off back to London.

JOE BENTLEY was not surprised at Fred's absence on the day after their quarrel and he supposed Maggie to be on location with the rest. Eight weeks passed before filming ended and he discovered his loss. At first he was furious, but gradually the idea grew that if he could find Fred he would find Maggie, and he knew that if they were together the old pony was all right. So he informed the police and spread the word in the horse world and waited.

One bright morning in October, as he walked to the mews, he saw two figures ahead of him. Surely he knew that bobbing tail and the plump quarters with their comic rolling

Continued on page 41



Crawford

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Straight bat, you little ass! You'll never make a cricketer!
I don't want to be a cricketer, Daddy!
He was shaping so well...
Perhaps it's your fault, darling? You're so-so irritable with him these days. And you say you feel tired the whole time... please see the doctor
I feel so tired ...but I sleep long enough-
You're as strong as a horse, Mackenzie - so I suspect your sleep isn't the right kind of sleep! While you sleep, you must relax - and that means nerves and brain, as well as muscles. Then you'll wake refreshed. I recommend Horlicks
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT... AND SOME TIME LATER
Can we have some more coaching this evening, Daddy?
Just as soon as I've changed, old chap!
A VILLAGE MATCH
Joe's still getting his wheat in... could Tommy fill in as No. 11? I know you've been coaching him a lot
... but I only made 10!
They made all the difference! You're a chip off the old block all right - thanks to all your father's training!
And that's thanks to my Horlicks - no tiredness now!

HORLICKS

MORLEY SURELY

Morley underwear for men and boys is warm and comfortable. You can choose the style you prefer in wool, wool and cotton, rayon with wool, interlock or mesh. You can be sure it will wear and wear, and wash and wash. Prices are reasonable, so when you shop for underwear

always look for the name Morley

Silken Sheen

has a winning way!

Compliments are fun; and there are even more exciting things in store for the girl whose hair has fascinating silken sheen!

You can make sure of silken sheen by using 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. It washes gently, rinses away completely, leaves no dulling film to mask the glowing beauty of your hair. Because it is a 'Vaseline' Brand product, 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo is kind to your hair. Buy a packet today; use it tonight! Price 4½d.

Vaseline* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Makes your hair clean—gives it silken sheen

* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd. 3863-2

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S P.K. CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

After every meal!

Enjoy WRIGLEY'S

Chewing aids your digestion
Sweetens breath—
Helps keep your teeth clean

Healthful—Delicious!

EP7/54.

Pineapple Dream Cake

Can you make a cake like this—one that's rich, luscious, mouth-watering? You can now—with Stork Margarine and the recipe below. Stork for the cake mixture—it creams so *easily*. Stork for the soft, creamy icing—it's ready in just a few minutes! Really glamorous cakes like this aren't difficult—if they're made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine.

8 ozs. (8 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour

Pinch of salt

8 ozs. Stork Margarine

8 ozs. castor sugar

4 eggs

½ teaspoon pineapple (or lemon) flavouring

Pineapple Stork Icing (see recipe) halves of pineapple, glacé cherries and angelica to decorate

Sieve flour and salt together. Thoroughly cream the Stork and sugar together and beat in eggs one at a time, adding a little sieved flour with each. Beat in flavouring and fold in flour. Divide equally between two greased eight-inch sandwich tins, with a round of greaseproof paper in each and bake for 30-40 minutes, side by side on the middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.). Cool, and sandwich together with Pineapple Stork Icing. Coat with remaining icing, mark with a fork to decorate and finish decorating with pineapple rings cut in halves, with halves of glacé cherries and angelica "leaves" in the hollows, as illustrated.

Stork Icing

4½ ozs. Stork Margarine

12 ozs. icing sugar

4½ dessertspoons pineapple juice from tin

3 pineapple rings cut in small pieces

Cream half the sieved icing sugar and the Stork together until light and fluffy. Add the remaining icing sugar and juice and beat thoroughly until light and smooth, then stir in the cut-up pineapple. Fill and ice the cake as directed above.

Cut out this recipe and keep it—there'll be lots more to follow.

Stork Margarine Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4.

JSC 406-454

"I just haven't got the knack"

action above the jigging heels? And the figure shuffling along beside her, dragging his right foot? Maggie and old Fred had come home.

When Joe walked into the stable yard, Maggie was blowing noisily in a bucket of water. At sight of him she raised her head and sneezed, flicking her absurd bit of tail and sidling a bit in the old coy, silly way she had. He ran his hand along her ribs and slapped her glossy rump. She whinnied and the sound brought Fred out, a bucket in one hand and a kettle in the other. Joe waited while the old man filled them at the yard tap.

"Got a match on yer?" Fred asked at length.

Joe held out a box and felt his anger ebbing away.

"Nice mess that grey pony's in," Fred said. "How did she do it?"

"Patty? Something scared her in the studio. She kicked up and tore herself on a hook."

"Looks like she'd 'ung 'erself up on it!" muttered Fred. "Ugly place she's got there."

"We've had no end of trouble with Patty, Fred. She's scared to be touched. Even the vet can't manage her."

"That ruddy butcher," growled Fred. "She's got more sense than to let 'im near 'er."

Joe followed him to the end stall. A small grey pony stood restlessly shifting her weight from side to side. A big three-cornered tear disfigured her chest and the wound looked dirty.

"Watch her," cautioned Joe, "she won't be touched."

"Leave 'er to me," said Fred with a touch of the old irritation. "I know what to do with 'er. And don't stand there getting in me way."

Joe withdrew. He was meeting a dealer in the Royal Oak at midday and the church clock had chimed more than ten minutes ago.

HALF an hour later he looked across the long counter that separated the saloon from the public bar and saw Fred with his face hidden in a pint.

"Manage Patty all right?" he called.

"Of course."

"Have a pint on me."

Fred stared across at him. "I've had all I want," he growled and, putting the empty tankard on the bar counter, he pushed open the swing door and disappeared.

Later Joe went to his office to fetch his coat and found Fred sitting on a truss in a corner of Patty's stall. He was carrying on some kind of conversation with the pony and she, edging nervously to the farthest corner, nevertheless had her ears pricked and appeared to be listening to him.

Joe looked over the top and watched for a moment. He saw that the old man held a clean white swab in his hand, and a steaming bucket stood beside him. He decided not to interfere and left the stable without a word.

It was nearly eleven that night when Joe came back. He and the dealer had been doing the rounds and had parted only at closing time. The night was frosty and his boots rang on the cobbles. He must see if Fred had foreseen the sharp drop in temperature and blanketed the two thoroughbreds before he left for the night. The morning would show if he intended to remain.

He unlocked the door and entered the breathing darkness. The air was thick and warm and here and there a shoe clicked as its owner shifted in his stall. From Maggie's corner came a steady crunching and a familiar wicker.

Maggie, bless her, was there all right! He flicked on the light and went over to her.

SURE enough, she was at her old tricks: eating the bedding. He fetched a hay net, stuffed it generously and hung it up for her. As he did so, Maggie's nose was in it and the munching sound went on without a second's pause.

He gave her an affectionate slap and turned to see if the injured pony had settled for the night.

On his way, he noted that the two thoroughbreds were blanketed and the top fanlight closed. The pony was standing quietly and Fred, his cap pulled over his eyes and his coat collar turned up, lay on a truss of straw in a corner of her stall.

Joe went to the harness room and came back with a couple of spare blankets and another truss. He threw them down beside the old man. "Make yourself comfortable," he said. "It's perishing cold outside. You'll need the blankets."

Fred did not speak at first but busied himself making his bed. After a while he said, "Got to get 'er used to me. Thought I'd doss down in here tonight. Got to get 'er so she'll let me handle that shoulder any time I want."

"The livery went a month ago. Owner gone abroad. Maggie's stall is there for her, Fred."

Fred grunted.

"I kept it for her. Well away from the door. That film cheque solved a lot of problems."

"Do 'er a treat, I reckon."

"She looks well, Fred."

"She's all right. Plenty in 'er yet."

"Did you enjoy your holiday?" said Joe.

The old man looked at him sharply. "Aye," he muttered after a short pause, "we did. Both of us."

One day, perhaps, Joe thought, he would find out all about the holiday. For the present, Maggie was back, bonnier than ever, not a scratch on her, and the old scoundrel was back just as he was sorely needed. The pony would get better now and Fred would know what to do about the new chestnut that was such a poor doer. He decided to say no more about the episode.

"Good night, Fred," he said, and fancied he heard a faint "Night" in reply.

THE END

THE GREAT STORM

Continued from page 20

the lifeboat. The Loch Awe was the only ship of any size and power near enough to help the Caronia. Skipper Imlach said that he was on his way.

He explained over the radio that a sea coming into the wheelhouse had damaged his direction finder. He arranged to call the Caronia every half hour so that Campbell could take bearings of these signals on his direction finder, and pass the bearings back.

The Loch Awe came clear of the land and her crew were surprised to find how high the seas had risen since they took shelter. Lying under the land had been quite peaceful, but a mile or so away from it, the world seemed torn apart.

No one dared move on deck. Those who were not in the wheelhouse were aft in the galley, or in the saloon. A man stood by the radio set in Skipper Imlach's cabin aft. When the skipper wanted to go there himself to call the Caronia, he had to climb round behind the bridge, lower himself into the stokehold through a hatch in the superstructure, then pass aft through the engine room.

The Loch Awe went ahead with speed reduced, giving resistance to the seas that came from astern. Setting her speed in such conditions needed care. To try to hurry would be fatal.

Grey Mist Hid Craft

For nearly four hours, the trawler followed the bearings given by the careful, soft voice of John Campbell. Then, about midday, Skipper Imlach found the bearings were altering quickly. He must be overtaking the small craft hidden in the grey mist. The fisherman knew no man could give perfect bearings in such weather.

When Campbell located the Loch Awe's signals on the direction-finder's dial, he had to relate the trawler's bearing to the bearing of his own ship's head. This would have been easy in calm water, but now, as the helpless Caronia was flung about by the great seas, her head was never on the same compass point for more than a brief second. The violent swinging caused Campbell to lose the bearing he had captured. He could only give an approximation, and, even so, hand, eye and mind had to work fast.

Imlach realized that he had missed the Caronia and was passing her. He climbed aft to the radio set and told John Campbell that the Loch Awe would call every ten minutes, and to take more frequent bearings. With visibility down to fifty yards and less, and the seas so high, the Caronia might be almost alongside and yet remain unseen.

Imlach had not long returned to the bridge when word came aft that the Caronia was not replying to the Loch Awe's signals. The skipper returned to his cabin and tried to call the seine netter himself.

He heard nothing, until a new voice came in. The skipper of the Starlight, lying in Lossiemouth harbour, was calling him to pass the last message heard from the Caronia. Campbell had reported his boat in a bad way. He and his crew wanted to be taken out of her.

Rescue Became Urgent

Skipper Imlach acknowledged the message and tried once more to call the Caronia. She did not reply. The skipper left the instrument to one of his crew and went back to the bridge.

What he had thought to be a useful salvage job had turned into an urgent rescue. He peered through the wheelhouse window, seeing only the waves swelling round his ship and the blinding grey scum. He brought his ship round into the weather, with the engines holding her there while he set himself to solve a problem.

How was he to head his ship? Where was the Caronia? He had to find her soon or seven men would die.

NEXT WEEK: Skipper Imlach's instinct beats the hurricane. "The Great Storm" by J. Lennox Kerr will be published in book form in mid-October by Harrap's at 15s.

NEW! THE 1955 Berkeley SUPERLAX

This is a landmark in Easy Chair manufacture—the new 1955 *Berkeley* Superlax is bigger and better than ever! The 'billowed' back affords the utmost comfort to shoulders, back and head, whilst additional comfort is given by the 'rubberised' hair in the wider arms. The EXCLUSIVE AUTOMATIC SELF-ADJUSTING BACK AND SEAT lets you change from upright to lounging without leaving the chair. Choose your own pattern from the wide range of rich Covering, including Uncut Moquette.
Cash Price matching Settee £17:19:6; Suite £43:18:6.
Money back if not satisfied within 7 days.
Send coupon for FREE Catalogue and patterns.

Obtainable only from **H. J. SEARLE & SON LTD**
(Dept. JBS) 70-78 OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1
and at 133 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1; 83-85 London Rd., Croydon; The Parade, Watford

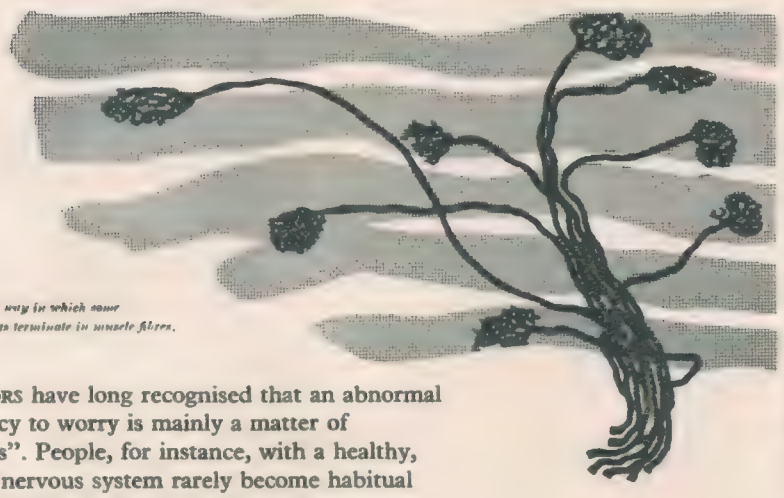
Please send me your Catalogue of *Berkeley* Upholstery, together with range of Coverings.
Name.....
Address.....
JBS11/9

Illness wastes your time, upsets arrangements, and holds you back. So it pays to look ahead and keep up resistance the Hanovia way. A regular sunbath of ultra-violet rays, say twice a week, rebuilds tired muscles, refreshes jaded nerves, revitalizes the blood. But it must be the genuine Hanovia Sunlamp—sold only on medical prescription. Ask your doctor—he knows Hanovia Lamps.

Four models now available. H.P. terms only £2 monthly. Send for free colour booklet **"Sunshine Means Life."**

HANOVIA LTD., SLOUGH
Send free booklet "Sunshine means life"
Name.....
Address.....
P.48/226 .....

Worry and your Nerves



Showing the way in which some nerve endings terminate in muscle fibres.

DOCTORS have long recognised that an abnormal tendency to worry is mainly a matter of "nerves". People, for instance, with a healthy, robust nervous system rarely become habitual worriers. So if, in spite of yourself, you cannot stop worrying over small, everyday things, it is more than likely that your nerves need attention.

How Sanatogen works

A STRONG, efficient nervous system depends on the vitality of your nerve cells. Unless they receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", weakening your whole nervous fabric. Sanatogen boosts the activity of these key cells by supplying them with large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By this vigorous tonic action Sanatogen helps to correct "nerves", to develop nervous energy, and to give you a strong, stable nervous system.

Medically recommended

SANATOGEN is fully recommended by the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical tests under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen makes an extraordinary difference to one's health. You must try Sanatogen yourself.

For all forms of "nerves"

"NERVES" may take many forms—sleeplessness, depression, excessive worrying, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics.

ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED?

If you're depressed, irritable, nervous and jumpy, it means your body needs more Vitamin B, the nerve-builder, on which your whole nervous system depends. If your food contains too little Vitamin B, your nerves will go to pieces. Increase the supply, and you will soon feel restored and re-invigorated. You won't worry so much, won't be so easily irritated or depressed.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast Tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins, and you'll be amazed what difference this will make to your whole well-being. Your digestion will improve; you'll lose your headaches and feel brighter and fitter in every way.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact; it contains no drugs or harmful ingredients and it is bound to do you good. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists 1/6, 3/6 *and* 5/9

I'm surprised to know you make Toilet Preparations, Polish and so many kinds of Brushes and Mops
Indeed we do, and have you seen our Personal Brushes, as well as those for household use?

THE Kleen-e-ze The Name with a meaning

BRUSH CO. LTD., HANHAM, BRISTOL.

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 15

go as casually as a suburbanite goes upstairs to bed. Up to dig out sheep from a snow-drift in January, up to cut the young bracken in spring, up, at 5 a.m. in April, an anxious time, to bring the ewes down for lambing, up again to answer the bleatings of lost and rain-chilled lambs, to protect them from foxes and carrion-crows.

In July, as the wool on the ewes' backs rises again after the heavy drain of lambing and feeding their lambs, the Edmondsons will be up and out in the early morning, working along the skyline with their dogs, driving the flocks down for the shearing.

Then in August comes the dipping prescribed by law. In, under and out, dripping, on the other side—an operation calling for great care and dexterity. And as autumn comes on, there are the old ewes to be looked over and picked out for the special ewe sale at Cockermouth.

There the ewes are chosen by the state of their teeth. After six or seven years' grinding on heather, a sheep's teeth come loose or get worn down to stumps. Down on the grass of the lowland farms, these ewes may be producing wool and lambs for another two or three years; but on the mountainside they are spent.

Lambs' First Winter

In autumn, too, the first year's lambs are sent down for wintering on the lowland farms. For even Herdwick lambs cannot stand the rigours of winter on the fells in their first year, and after a few months on the pastures of the coastal plain or the salt marshes of the Solway Firth or Morecambe Bay, they return to their native heafs—"hoggs," now fortified for the rest of their lives.

This traditional partnership of hill and lowland farm, casual as it has been, is none the less vital to our agricultural economy. And today it is gravely threatened.

Plenty of Cumberland dalesmen can recall the days when the lowland farmers were glad to take their lambs for wintering at five shillings a head. Then, during the first World War, the price crept up to the unheard-of height of 7s. 6d. Today it ranges from twenty to thirty shillings: a heavy mortgage indeed on a still uncertain life.

Then, on a farm near Caldbeck, on the other side of Skiddaw from Keswick, I ran into another difficulty. Caldbeck is John Peel's village. He had the farm just down the road, and was buried in the village churchyard with a tombstone specially whitened so that tourists can read it easily. My farmer's wife's grandfather had known him. "And what did he say about him?" I asked.

She chuckled. "Oh, he always used to say he was nothing but a drunken old taggert." A "taggert," it seems, is some sort of lamb.

From the white farmhouse on its hillside the land rolled away in a magnificent sweep across the wide valley with not a single wall or fence to the slopes of Skiddaw, far off on the other side. Here were three hundred square miles of "unstinted common."

Rough and overgrown with tough old heather, it was yet good land, with limestone underneath, and excellent possibilities of improvement.

Common-land Grazing

"Wants lime badly," said the farmer. "And I'd like to give it lime. But what would happen? All my neighbours' sheep would come swarming in—and the second state would be worse than the first. The manorial courts used to keep a check on the sheep on the common. There used to be driving days, when they'd be rounded up and any farmer with more than his proper share would be told to take them off. But since the extinction of manorial rights, there's been no control at all. Yet, decently managed, we could be getting very nearly fat lambs off here. . . ."

But this present period does at least favour the growth of our flocks in one way. Down the ages the sheep has been considered a dim, mysterious creature, heir to all manner of strange and sinister diseases. But wartime and postwar improvements in medicine's armoury have been paralleled by similar advances in veterinary science. Your modern "shepherd's tale" is as likely as not to unfold, not round the ancient saws and remedies, but round hypodermic syringes, serums and a whole panoply of new insecticides.

"We used to have terrible trouble with 'keds'—blood-sucking insects which infest sheep's wool," said Stanley Edmondson. "Now we spray the sheep with D.D.T. and we never see any." Farmers used to watch their lambs dying by the hundred from dysentery. Now an effective serum is at hand.

The Hardy Breed

By 1953, our hill flocks were back, after the war's rundown and the terrible inroads of the 1946-47 winter, to almost the 1939 level. And that was good news not only because one-third of all the land of Britain consists of hill-grazing, but because the tough little sheep of the fells are the source and origin of all our sheep, the indispensable stock on which all our rich variants have been grafted.

Just as they say "there's never a third generation of Londoners," so Cumberland hill farmers like "Herdwick Billy" will assure you with glee that those fine, fat, supercilious, patrician breeds of the lowlands and all their crossbreeds could never go on without infusions of vitality from the vulgar—but relatively disease-free—sheep of the fells.

"Herdwick Billy" used to have the farm in Wasdale on the other side of the mountain from the Edmondsons' at Seathwaite. More prosaically known to the post office as William Wilson, he is famed for the 1,200 or so prizes he's won with his Herdwicks since he started showing in 1906.

How does he know a good Herdwick when he sees one? "Don't know that I can put it into words," says Wilson. "People are always asking me that. But, you know, when you see one, you just *know*, like a shot from a gun."

Wilson grows eloquent on the subject of Herdwicks. "Hardiest sheep in existence," he says. "They've tried Welsh sheep up here, Exmoors, all sorts, but they won't do. Reckon if I was to move down to Wales I should take my Herdwicks with me. Wouldn't get as much a pound for the wool, but they're so much bigger you'd get more for the fleece."

Stained Glass Sheep

To enforce his point, Wilson's farm at the north end of Bassenthwaite lake is called "Herdwick Croft," has stained glass portraits of prize-winning Herdwicks in its living-room windows, and, loyalty indeed—for the wool, though hard-wearing, is normally used for carpets—Wilson had himself made a Herdwick suit.

The Herdwick shares its dominion of the Lakes with the black-faced Swaledale, which thrives on the lower wetter slopes. And lately some upland farmers have been crossing their Herdwicks and Swaledales to produce the largest possible sheep. "But not your real Herdwick man," said Herdwick Billy. "There'll always be pure Herdwicks on the high barren heafs. . . ."

From above the rows of silver cups and trophies in the big cupboard against the wall, the stuffed head of a large grey-faced ram fixed us with a glassy stare.

"Look at his horns," said Herdwick Billy. "Perfectly symmetrical, aren't they?" In a way, the lives of William Wilson and that old stuffed ram were bound together.

When Wilson had been a boy of ten, on his father's farm in Wasdale, that ram had been a young male lamb, enjoying his first friskings. Even then, it seemed, he had a certain imperious dignity, and the boy was deeply impressed. When the time came for the male lambs to be castrated, and this one was included, the boy was terribly upset. "I kicked at my father and

yelled: 'I'll never help you again with the sheep if you touch him.'

"I remember the shepherd grabbed hold of the lamb, and I started to cry. So they let me have him—and he grew up to be a fine ram. He won a few prizes. Then, when I was about twenty, I finally sold him to a neighbour—on condition that when he died he'd let me have the head back. Well, he did, and I had it stuffed by Robert Howell and he did a very good job of it. . . ."

Buried Alive In Snow

The tenacity with which these small mild creatures cling to life is extraordinary. Even in the bitterest weather, when there's a complete "hap-up" (snow-up) on the fells, the Herdwicks somehow survive.

"I once got three out of a snowdrift after they'd been in there twenty-nine days," said William Wilson. "I've heard longer, but this I do know is correct. One was dead but the other two were alive all right and had eaten half the wool off their backs. Some people think that's the way they keep alive, but I don't know. . . ."

The battle for survival is fierce. Shepherds don't like to talk much about the numbers they bury each winter. But such losses have always been a regular and foreseen part of the economy of the mountain farm. The weakest go to the wall; that is the grim law of the fells. In the disastrous winter of 1946-47 many hill farmers lost half their flocks.

Yet, says Stanley Edmondson, "it's got to be very hard before we feed 'em." There are reasons for this apart from the great difficulty of reaching the sheep. Hand-feeding Herdwicks is apt to demoralize them, causing them to leave the flock and the heaf to become free-enterprising wanderers, or what the Cumberland sheep farmer calls, with distaste, "ratchers."

Stanley Edmondson opened the barn door and the dogs bounced out joyously. "Not good for 'em to run around loose too much," he explained. "Shepherd's always like to know where their dogs are."

And what beautiful creatures they are, these smooth-haired Cumberland sheepdogs! There were six of them here, two for each of Seathwaite's shepherds to work with, a father, mother, sons and grandsons—for the dogs, too, belonged to these fells, like the shepherds and the Herdwicks.

It is indeed this strange, ancient, instinctive partnership of men and animals, of shepherds, dogs and Herdwicks on their heafs that makes farming in the high fells of the Lake District possible. Keswick sheepdogs, trained by Joe Relph on his farm on the high slopes of Helvellyn, have won many prizes in national sheepdog trials, starred in a good many films. But the ordinary sheepdog needs little special training. "It's bred in 'em," Stanley Edmondson told me. "They just need to be checked a bit at first—to make 'em biddable."

Out of the barn, with the sheepdogs, trotted a young brown-and-white foxhound. "That's Dancer," said Stanley Edmondson. "He belongs to the Blencathra Pack. Instead of putting the dogs into kennels for the summer, the Hunt boards them out on the farms all round. We've had several Dancers here." In fact, when the Blencathra Hunt, now at Threlkeld, a few miles north-east of Keswick, took over John Peel's old pack from Caldbeck, one of the conditions was that it must always remain, in this hill tradition, a "trencher-fed pack."

To the outsider, fox-hunting and these barren mountainsides appear to have little in common. But the fact is that, for these sheep farmers, the systematic hunting of foxes is almost an economic necessity. "See that clump up there?" said Stanley Edmondson, pointing to an outcrop of rock and scrub, high up on the mountainside. "I shot four foxes up there last month." Foxes infest this wild country and they have only one real food supply—lambs.

John Peel-style fox-hunting is a very different thing, very much more utilitarian, than the calendar-picture fox-hunting of the southern shires. The hunt goes on foot, moving slowly down the valleys, its members carrying long staves for vaulting the mountain streams. The huntsman in hunting pink and the Whip in grey (John Peel's famed coat, they'll tell you up here, was not "so *gay*," but "so *grey*," homespun from the wiry wool of the Herdwicks), move along high up on the mountainsides, driving the foxes down towards the valley where the crowd of hunters watch for a break, and the plus-foured M.F.H., Colonel P. M. Hope, waits in his car.

Killed A Hundred Foxes

Often, too, the huntsman will have along, leashed, a small brown Cumberland terrier or two, a diminutive local breed well adapted to the job of ferreting foxes out of their holes in the rocks in the last stage of the chase.

For these sober men of the North, the extermination of vermin is the object, rather than merely the excuse, of their hunting. The slaughter is impressive. This single pack, the Blencathra, has killed about a hundred foxes in one year—a score which to the gentlemanly hunters of the southern shires might well seem to verge upon bad taste.

On the other side of Seathwaite farmyard, the stony track the hikers take climbs gently upwards, still following the course of the swift-flowing, white-flecked stream until it ripples under the rough stone hump of Stockley Bridge, which marks the end of the valley.

The only way out now was by two

The choice
for a lifetime
In the natural process of trial and error you'll find all the good reasons why so many men get a lifetime of pleasure from "Player's Medium."
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT
JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Ask for this new
airtight 2 oz. pocket tin
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
[NCT 81]

BRYLCREEM
grooms by Surface Tension
The special Brylcreem emulsion enables the oil to spread as a thin film evenly over the hair, coating every hair-strand. The surface tension holds the hairs together firmly but gently. Every hair is supple and lustrous. What's more, massage with Brylcreem frees the mouths of the follicles along which the hair grows, thus facilitating the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil. Avoid that greased-down look. Use Brylcreem, the healthy hairdressing, for the clean, smart look. Tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.
for smart, healthy hair
BRYLCREEM
roy ds 184/86/54

Just what we needed!

Iron-strength plus essential Vitamins

The new *Vitaminized* Iron Jelloids combine a fully adequate iron dosage with the nerve-restorative Vitamin B Complex reinforced with *extra* Aneurine, Riboflavine, Nicotinamide and Vitamin C.

So Iron Jelloids are now a better blood-building tonic than ever! For these vitamins are not only themselves of high tonic value but they also help the iron in Iron Jelloids to do you more good than ever before!

What you get in the NEW VITAMINIZED IRON JELLOIDS

An adequate amount of Tonic IRON — *The essential factor in the formation of rich, red blood with maximum oxygen-carrying capacity, upon which health, energy, and the efficient functioning of the whole body primarily depend.* **COPPER** *is added to increase the efficacy of the iron.*

VITAMIN B COMPLEX — *In its richest form,* **Concentrated Extract of Yeast,** *fortified with increase of the three main factors, B1, B2, and Nicotinamide. Important for nerves, digestion, and efficient functioning of the whole constitution. Assists the blood-building effect of iron. Keeps skin and gums healthy.*

The essential VITAMIN C — *A deficiency of Vitamin C causes a reduction in the absorption of iron by the blood. Iron Jelloids contain an adequate amount of Vitamin C to ensure that the full benefit of the iron content is obtained.*

VITAMINIZED
Iron Jelloids

make good the Mineral and Vitamin deficiencies which cause

ANAEMIA, DEBILITY, LOWERED VITALITY, NEURASTHENIA
LOSS OF APPETITE, INDIGESTION, PALENESS & SKIN BLEMISHES
BREATHLESSNESS, HEADACHES, SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COMMON ILLS

Of all chemists, 1/9 & 4/6. 'Iron Jelloids' is a registered trade mark

mountain passes. To one side, the track climbed off over the mountainsides to Esk Hause and Scafell; to the other, it ascended to the pass over into Wasdale, climbing up between Seathwaite Fell and Green Gable and Great Gable to Sty Head—a name to conjure with wherever Lakeland walkers gather, in hostel or inn or mountain hut, to tell their tales.

But now the sunshine of an hour ago, which dappled the hills with shifting shadows, had gone. Suddenly, without warning, the rain clouds assembled, the peaks took on a sullen majesty, and one recalled that catch-line about Seathwaite's being "the wettest inhabited place in England.

Statistically unimpeachable, well established by an assortment of automatic rain gauges deployed from the Edmondsons' cottage garden to the top of Sty Head itself, this fragment of meteorological information is nevertheless a thorn in the side of Keswick's tourist-conscious business men. And, in fact, their protestations do have some justification. For, though a hill farmer's fortunes depend on good grass and, for that reason, every shepherd rejoices in "droppy weather," the Edmondsons will tell you that there are many days together when the wettest spot in England is bone dry.

Drama Of The Skies

The explanation, of course, is that when it rains in the Lakes, it rains. Yet it is precisely this changeability, this continuous drama of the skies, that gives to the Lakeland scene its quite peculiar vitality, its visual subtleties, and its grandeur. A Lakeland bathed in eternal Riviera sunshine would be unthinkable.

This is a walker's country. The motorist, encased in his upholstered steel box, can never know the true intimacy of the Lakes. Nevertheless, though circuitous and poor substitutes for the freedom of the fell tracks, there are motor roads; the motorists come in their thousands.

An asphalt motor road now winds down Borrowdale, climbs steeply out of the valley over Honister Hause, and then slips away down, between gaunt crags at first, later by the lake side, to Buttermere and Crummock Water at the other side.

At the summit of the Honister Pass (1,191 feet) where the two lakes come into view, two long mirrors lying in the bed of the valley, the cars park at the side of the road, cooling down after the climb. Down the steep mountainsides that rise from the road cascades a great waste of grey slate chippings and fragments, the spoil of two centuries of slate quarrying in these hills. It was Westmorland slate, they'll tell you here, that Wren used to roof Chelsea Hospital.

A "Caveman's Piano"

Just inside the door of Keswick's little museum, the unsuspecting visitor comes upon a sort of super xylophone, or caveman's grand piano. Two rows of keys, four yards long, spanning seven octaves with appropriate semitones, are composed of bars of slate-rock carefully gathered over the years from the slopes of Skiddaw by one Joseph Richardson who, presumably, spent his days scrambling about the mountainside with a small hammer, testing rocks for tone.

Four men, with hammers, were required to play this formidable "Rock, Bell and Steel Band," and a label informs us that Richardson and his three sons appeared three times at Buckingham Palace, by command of Queen Victoria, hammering out excerpts from the operas to excellent effect.

From Buttermere, which is a typical Lakeland hamlet—three inns, a church, and a scatter of cottages on the flat tongue of land between the two lakes—a bus runs back to Keswick, winding over the Whinlatter Pass. Now the mountainsides are clothed with a dark green endless carpet of conifers. Fire rides cut through the carpet, parting it clear and straight to the summit.

This was one of the Forestry Commission's first ventures in Britain after the first World War. Now four thousand acres in extent, the forest is still being planted, although today some of the biggest trees top seventy feet. Economically, the area is still dangerously dependent on the summer tourist influx. Small local industries, based on forestry, could have a valuable part to play in tiding its people over the winter.

But while the summer lasts there is work and wages for all. From the densely populated industrial hinterland of Lancashire and Yorkshire, from the Midlands and the South, visitors flock to Cumberland and Westmorland by bus, by car, by train and cycle. And with them come the ranks of visitors from abroad.

Visitor From Japan

At my hotel in Windermere the two names on the register in front of mine belonged to a Norwegian and a Swede. In Keswick I found I was signing after a Japanese. And at the Keswick Youth Hostel that day I found that the night's bookings included one Finn, a Dane, a Dutchman, two Australians, three Canadians, two Norwegians, and six South African nurses touring Britain on bicycles.

What is the explanation of this steadily growing popularity?

For one thing, the Lake District's recent inauguration as the first of Britain's National Parks was only the recognition of an accomplished fact. Thanks to the work of the pioneer enthusiasts it has long been the least spoiled and best equipped territory for a walking holiday in Britain. Youth hostels, for instance, are placed strategically about the valleys at about eight-mile intervals, thirty all told.

But there is more than physical amenities, very much more. The thing that draws people, year after year, back to this small area of mountain and valley, all contained in a circumference of ninety miles, is something intangible, the experience of a sort of freedom increasingly uncommon in our modern life, a spiritual freedom, the freedom of the fells.

"Off the beaten track all the time . . . with no one to say you nay . . ." I heard one of the elderly ladies say to her companion.

Courtly Gate-opener

And so in the summer Abrahams, of Keswick, sell another ten thousands of their picture postcard views; the big cream motor coaches zoom about on their tours; cafés are packed; at the bottom of remote valleys, farmers' wives and daughters bustle about with visitors' pots of tea and plates of sandwiches. And the gate-opening industry comes into its own again.

The greatest living exponent of this latter craft in the Lake District, if not in the whole of the United Kingdom, is to be found on duty any day of the week between 9.45 and 7 p.m.—he is a stickler for regular working hours—at his post near Ashness Bridge, where a road runs up from the lakeside to a celebrated vantage point, offering breathtaking views over the islands and mountains of Derwentwater.

Climbing steadily, the motorist is suddenly confronted by a farm gate across the road—ostensibly for the purpose of controlling sheep.

Just as you are about to stop the car and get out to open the gate, a courtly figure rises from the side of the road and swings the gate open with a restrained and dignified bow. With a face burned a glowing red by the sun, and a fringe of white hair rising in a plume on each side of his bald head, he has an air of benevolence that is almost ecclesiastical.

With a benign smile he engages you in conversation on the Beauties of Nature and the charms of the Simple Life. It turns out that he knew Mr. Walpole . . . and Hall Caine. . . . And then there was John Ruskin, too, "a tall thin man, coming down into town. He didn't like them bringing the railway to Keswick, didn't Mr. Ruskin. . . ." "John Peel?" "Oh, now, John Peel died in 1854. . . ." You don't catch Vivian Fisher out that

THE MAN THE RUSSIANS TRIED TO KILL

GEORGI OKOLOVITCH answered a timid knock on the door of his flat in Frankfurt one afternoon last February. He was confronted by a pasty-faced man with a hat pulled down over his eyes.

"I am Captain Nikolai Khokhlov, of the M.V.D." said the stranger. "I have been sent to kill you as an enemy of Russian Communism. . . ."

What happened afterwards became front-page news in every country outside the Iron Curtain. Now, David Tutaev, well-known Russian-speaking journalist, has written the full story of Okolovitch, the man the Russians tried to kill because he is one of their most dangerous enemies.

Tutaev toured the secret haunts where Okolovitch and his organization still carry on their anti-Soviet activities. Okolovitch told him how he crossed the Russian frontier one night and spent five months distributing propaganda and making contacts. He revealed the inside facts of one of the strangest real-life cloak-and-dagger stories of modern times. David Tutaev's first article appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

way. Vivian Fisher knows his stuff—after all, he's been at his post here, opening his gate, for twenty years.

And in the winter, when the tourists have gone back? "Oh, I stop at hame . . . down by the watter in Keswick."

Sooner or later you notice the brown wicker basket that hangs alongside the gate, with a white cloth inside, over the lunch sandwiches, and a few coins scattered tastefully over the top. As you throw in your tribute, this masterly gate-opener maintains a philosophic detachment that would do credit to an Indian holy man.

A party of children on a school visit from Workington, who have been up to the rocks for practical geology, come straggling down the road again and through the gate. A few of them toss coppers into the bag. "See you again next year," says Vivian, with an extra benevolent beam.

Everybody knows Vivian and his gate. From Hollywood to New Zealand, tourists have vivid memories of this self-made, self-presented Lakeland character.

"Some young ladies here from Auckland this morning, wanted me for their moving picture," said Vivian. He paused to extract a few breadcrumbs from his basket to feed a chaffinch perching on the gatepost, muscling into the act.

"Wedded To Nature"

"You know, once I had a Mandarin here, from Japan. He said if this was in Japan, it would be a holy spot. And he sort of bowed and closed his eyes when he said it." The chaffinch hopped on to the next post, its tail feathers bright in the sun. "Of course," said Vivian, "that was a long time ago, but it just came into my mind, like, when we were talking.

"Married? No, I always say I wadna be so happy if I was. I'm wedded to nature, that I am."

There are citizens of Keswick who have their own pungent descriptions for this celebrated local character. When he goes home at night, they point out acidly, the gate is simply left open! But it's a dull enough world, and there are, after all, many less harmless ways of getting a living. Perhaps the National Trust, so active in these parts, would do well to register this master of gate-opening as a scheduled amenity or an ancient monument.

As the tourist tide recedes, the valleys and fells are wrapped once more in their ancient solitudes. Keswick streets fall silent. Only a few hardy commercial travellers still huddle in the big hotel dining-rooms. One becomes aware that the population of Keswick is only five thousand.

A few enthusiasts, it is true, with the aid of a tractor, have improvised a ski-lift up Helvellyn. But snow, in this country, is never sufficiently predictable to make a real winter sports season possible.

Cumberland Sports

So people must make their own amusements, and it is a fortunate thing, perhaps, that these men of the north, unlike the rest of us, have not forgotten how to do so. From John Peel's rough-and-ready hunting to Cumberland wrestling, hound-trailing, sheepdog trials and fell-racing, a variety of local sports still flourishes.

Perhaps the strongest passion of the Cumberland working man, whether on the farms or in the towns, is that curious sport known as hound-trailing.

Local newspapers announce hound-trailing fixtures being held somewhere or other almost every day of the week. Everywhere you see men padding along at the roadside, exercising their hounds, or taking them to some event.

The sport seems to have grown up out of a casual union between John Peel-style hunting and the whippet addiction of the miners of the Cumberland coast towns.

That very Saturday afternoon, they told me, the "Bitch Produce Stakes" were being held at Mungrisdale Road Ends. Oh, yes, they were very important. I certainly ought to go along.

Mungrisdale turned out to be a hamlet set in the middle of an expanse of open rolling moorland between Keswick and Penrith. A long queue of cars was moving up slowly, jogging into a large field. Beyond the columns of parked cars, the boards of fifty or sixty bookmakers were ranged in a wide circle, forming a sort of natural amphitheatre, with the mountains rising behind, the flat-top of Saddleback on one side, Helvellyn on the other and, farther back, closing the gap, the mountains behind Keswick.

It took a few minutes to get a grasp

REACH FOR A REMINGTON

—and join the 10,000,000 men who really enjoy shaving! Nothing but a REMINGTON is good enough for the man who wants the best. Closest shave . . . fastest speed . . . greatest comfort . . . just some of the many advantages of the REMINGTON — the World's most popular shaver. Sooner or later you'll have a REMINGTON, so why not *now*, and save time, trouble, and temper every day.

For the Perfectionist.

Ask for Remington Pre-Shave and After-Shave Lotions and Powder Stick.

... and be SURE of shaving!

REMINGTON 60

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR SHAVER

Still the best after 47 years!

VALSPAR

REG° N° 405868

2-4 HOUR LACQUER

The enamel that boiling water made famous

★ NO PRIMING OR UNDERCOATING REQUIRED
★ PROOF AGAINST BOILING WATER
★ DRIES IN 2-4 HOURS
★ EASILY APPLIED, EASY TO KEEP CLEAN
★ SUITABLE FOR ALL SURFACES—EVEN TILES
★ NO LINGERING PAINT SMELL
★ STEAM, HEAT, OIL AND PETROL PROOF
★ MANY LOVELY INTERMIXABLE COLOURS

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of guarantee

For a satin finish on Walls and Ceilings use VALSPAR 2-3 Hour EMULSION FLAT

Write for booklet and name of stockist to the Sole Manufacturers U.K.

GOODLASS, WALL & CO., LTD.

179/185, (D 9) Gt. Portland St. W.1. Est. 1840

on Hall's Wine of course

As you take your first glassful, admiring its rich red glow: as its enlivening warmth suffuses your whole body: you feel that this is indeed a delightful way to do yourself a power of good!

How does Hall's Wine put you so quickly on the road to recovery? First—of priceless importance—Hall's Wine is genuine imported wine; good wine. In itself such good wine is a grand restorative for mind and body, reviving the energy you have lost, relaxing nerviness, making the weariness of convalescence vanish.

Then, as you sip and enjoy it, you are all the time taking in certain vitamins which enrich the wine that in itself does you so much good. Your body needs these vitamins day by day, and only two wineglassfuls of Hall's Wine contain your whole daily requirement of them.

Yes, all this is why you feel that wonderful upsurge of strength as you enjoy your Hall's Wine. Get a bottle of Hall's Wine today. Read the formula plainly printed on the label. Ask your doctor about it—he knows its value!

Then, relax and appreciate the delicious flavour, enjoy the wonderful sensation of well-being, cheered by the realisation that Hall's Wine is getting you well, and doing it so quickly.

HALL'S WINE

works fast for your good!

Now only **13/6** *a bottle* *Smaller size* **7/3**

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3 (34A)

MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE—*ACT NOW!*

WE'VE all done it. Picturing ourselves in a better job, earning more money Don't just dismiss these dreams—make them come true! TRAIN for the job you want. It's the men WITH sound training who stand the best chance. International Correspondence Schools, London—the largest school of its kind in the world—will help you, now! They offer Home Study Courses in almost any job you choose: practical, "learn-while-you-earn" training—successfully used by nearly 200,000 ambitious men since 1945. You learn at home, in your own time. Let I.C.S. help you to get a better job with bigger pay. Fill in and post the coupon below. ACT NOW!

these excuses won't do
- I didn't get a good education!
- I don't know where to get the training!
- I can't afford it!

now that I.C.S. offer to train you at moderate fees!

Now Foreman—thanks to I.C.S.
"When I started my studies I was just another workman. Today I can honestly say that I have received over £500 in extra wages since then. I have had four increases, two promotions and I am now a foreman. I certainly have reason to thank the I.C.S."
Jack Lee, Sawbridgeworth.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
LONDON

Subjects taught:—

ADVERTISING
General Advertising
Practical Advertising

ART
Advanced Training
Elementary Training
Commercial Art

BUILDING
Architecture
Building
Building Contracting
Construction
Quantity Surveying
Sanitary Engineering

BUSINESS
Accounting & Auditing
Book-keeping
Commercial Training

CIVIL ENGINEERING
Civil Engineering
Structural Engineering

COAL MINING
Colliery Overmen
Colliery Deputies
Colliery Mechanics

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Electricians
Elec. Engineering
Electric Power & Lighting
Illumination Engineering
Transmission & Distribution

FARMING
Arable & Livestock
Machinery Maintenance

FIRE ENGINEERING
Exams: I.F.E., Fire Service Promotion

GENERAL EDUCATION
Exams: Gen. Cert. of Education, University Entrance, College of Preceptors.

HORTICULTURE
Exams: R.H.S. Senior & Junior Certificates

MECHANICAL & MOTOR ENGINEERING
Drawing Office Practice
Engineering Design
Engineering Mathematics
Engineering Shop Foremen
Fitters, Turners & Machinists
Gas & Electric Welding
Internal Combustion Engineering
Jig and Tool Design
Machining, Fitting & Erecting
Maintenance Engineering
Mechanical Draughtsmanship
Mechanical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Production Engineering
Toolroom Work

MANAGEMENT
Exams: I.I.A. Common Inter. & Gen. Man. Final; Cert. of Foremanship

RADIO & TELEVISION
Radio Engineering
Radio Service & Sales
Short Wave Radio
Television Technology

SALESMANSHIP
Retail Salesmanship
Sales Management
Wholesale & Speciality Selling

SHORT STORY WRITING
Journalism
Short Story Writing

WOOD-WORKING
Carpentry & Joinery
Woodworking Drawing
Woodworking Machinists

We also coach candidates until successful for all the important Technical, Professional and Commercial Examinations. State yours on coupon.

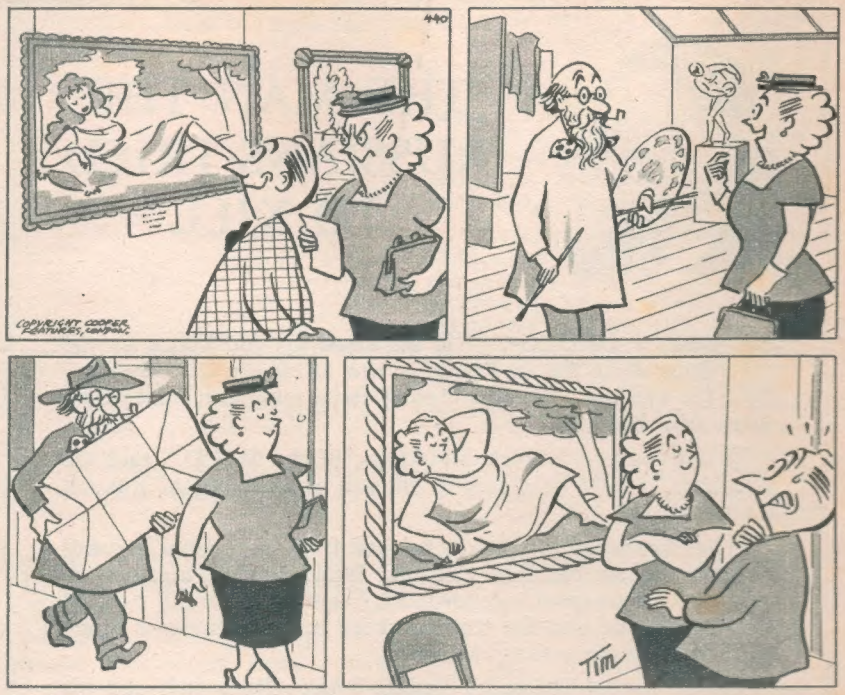
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. 103b, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Please send FREE BOOK on .....

Name..... *Age*.....

Address .....

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



of the thing. The bookmakers on their perches were in full cry. Beyond them, on the periphery, was a jungle of stalls and trailers, selling ice-cream, pies, and fish and chips.

Then one saw that the bulk of the crowd was concentrated along one side of the field. A group here and there were shading their eyes, gazing high up on Saddleback. Others looked through binoculars.

A voice boomed from the loud-speaker . . . *"they're moving along the fell top . . . they're on the skyline now . . . the leading hound's black-and-white . . . they've got about three miles to go now . . . done about seven . . . there's a fair bit of bracken up there on top . . . hard-running."*

Chasing A Smell

What were the hounds so feverishly chasing? A smell! A smell (alluring, apparently) carefully prepared and laid down according to the authorized Hound Trailing Association recipe, a pint of paraffin, an ounce of turpentine, and two ounces of aniseed.

The loudspeaker crackled. *"See that cotton-wool sort of cloud . . . the leading hound's just to the right of that . . . they've been away twenty-five minutes now. . . ."*

At this point a thought generally occurs to the newcomer. For some of the time, up on the mountains, the hounds are inevitably out of sight. What is to prevent a cunning competitor from going up there and offering a juicy steak to the opposition? Or even, more diabolical yet, laying a false trail?

In fact, it seems such enterprise is far from unknown to the hound-trailing world. Which explains the little phrase in the newspaper advertisement: *"Trails Guarded."* The Association had its trusted scouts up there on the skyline.

"They're just starting to move down the mountain now . . . the black-and-white hound's falling behind. . . ."

Excitement was rising. As the field sorted itself out, the bookies were still doing business. Many clients made last-minute plunges, "betting on the death," as they call it.

"They're coming into the final stretch now . . . catchers on your marks, please. . . ."

Men carrying leather harnesses and tin food boxes began to move across to the finishing line. The crowd drifted after them, crowding up on the ropes.

Then, suddenly, without warning, pandemonium broke loose. A storm of whistles and yells, in a hundred keys, assaulted the ear. The hounds had entered on the final quarter-mile straight—and competitors were now permitted by the rules to encourage their dogs.

The crowd, pressing up against the ropes, went mad. *"A coloured one's out in front . . . five dogs . . . five have a chance . . . Miss Flip's leading . . . Miss Flip . . no, no, Miss Flip's stopped at t'watter. . . . That's Our Sally! Our Sally's fourth! Lady Diamond . . . it's Lady Diamond . . . Lady Diamond's won it."*

After each race comes a statutory anti-climax of at least seventy-five minutes to give time for the "trailers," four local lads, to lay a fresh trail. Starting out together from a central point on the perimeter, they work in pairs, each dragging a bundle of rags soaked in the official mixture, each walking over a rough semicircle, to join up again, completing the scented circuit, in the field where the race both starts and ends.

But twenty minutes after the race was finished a few "catchers" still waited disconsolately at the finishing post for hounds gone astray on the trail. In the drinks tent other owners were swopping wise saws about running weights and secret diets (sherry and egg being much favoured). Meat pies and turgid tea flowed out from the trailers. In the ring, the sixty bookies were drumming up business.

There are critics who'll tell you that the whole great business of hound-trailing would disappear overnight if it weren't for the betting; and certainly a considerable clientele seemed to have its eyes fixed much more firmly on the bookies' boards than on the dogs. There are other critics who'll tell you that the "working man's sport" has become commercialized by wealthy men, buying themselves in, employing trainers, and regarding the whole thing as just another investment.

Off On The Trail

The interval was up. The crowd drifted across the field again, this time towards the starting line. The long line of hounds, held on leash by their owners, yelped and howled and quivered with excitement. They had the heads of foxhounds, but were lighter, more streamlined.

Now the first pair of trailers was in. They stayed behind a wall, two hundred yards away, waiting the signal that the other pair had reached the finishing point and that they could come in, dragging their rags, completing the trail.

The hounds howled and tugged on their leashes. The owners stroked their bellies, spoke soothing words.

An official waved his hand. The two trailers climbed over the stone wall and advanced at a trot, pulling their bundle of rags, bringing within hound's nose-reach the magic allurements of paraffin, aniseed and turpentine.

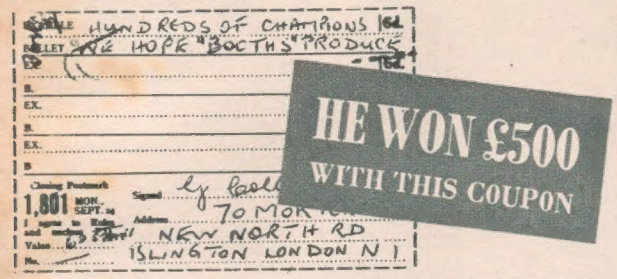
Yelping hysterically, the hounds leaped forward, streaking down the trail towards the mountains. Slightly comatose by this time, the crowd drifted across the field again.

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins visits Princetown and Dartmoor

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

AS £500 First Prize-winner in this week's offer of Cash, Warmth and Comfort, your ten-in-one "extra" is planned to provide millionaire luxury in your home this winter.

When last such a practical, seasonable prize was offered, the winner was Mr. G. Collins. You see him above choosing one of his prize luxuries; the coupon with which he scored is below and so is YOUR coupon for this week's prizes value over £1,000!



THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Facing The World
Traveller Of Tomorrow
Sheriff Sam
A Guiding Hand
Man Who's Content
In Our Youth
Big Money
Patience, Courage And
Cottage In The Country
Warming

Can't Be Trusted
Click Of The Turnstiles
Sounds Cheerful
Anyone Would Think
Put On
A Deep Depression
Effie's Latest
With A Sickly Grin
Baiting The Hook
Flare-up In The Factory

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Dad And The..... ..... To See
If She's ..... Fighting Over .....
"That's ..... It!" Where ..... Went Wrong

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
BULLET
EX. ..... 6d.
B.
EX. ..... 6d.
B.
EX. ..... 6d.
B.

LOBSTER, CHICKEN, PEACHES and CREAM

Grand "Summer Banquet" Bonus of ready-to-serve luxuries to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,954

Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 20

Signed.....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Address.....

Value.....

No.....

FREE

"Bulletin" dated Oct. 2, containing monster Birthday Offer with prizes value over £1,450

Fill up and post this Label by Mon., Sept. 20—postman brings you £1,450 *Bulletin* on Sat., Oct. 2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

767

"BULLETS" 10-in-1 FIRST

£500 CASH PLUS

WARMTH AND COMFORT AWARD VALUE £100

Consisting of ton of best Coal, Fireside Chairs, Hearthrug, Portable Heater (electric, gas or oil), Eiderdown, pair of Blankets, Mattress and a double Surprise. (Items can be varied to suit your needs—or extra cheque offered in lieu of 10-in-1 Award.)

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.,

50 "Bullets" Seasons,
1,500 "Good Shot" Awards.

Chief Winners No. 1,949

FIRST PRIZE, £500: R. P. Taylor, 2 Weardale Avenue, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne:

Harvest Of Industry Decides Britain's "Weather," Workers!

£25: Mrs. T. Atkinson, Moor End, Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, York: JUST LIKE A BATTLEFIELD—ROAD—THAT'S CIVILIZATION "ADVANCING"!

£10: W. E. Lucas, 304 Westdale Lane, Mapperley, Nottingham: NO LONGER MOLOTOV—OUR BUTCHER—ALMOST *Eden*!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: W. Curry, 108 Alderney Street, Pimlico, London, S.W.1: TALKING ABOUT FRIENDSHIP—PEACE, TRADE—DESPICABLE, ATTLEE! £8: Miss R. Vasey, Virginia Cottage, Shipton-thorpe, York: THE WHITE CLIFFS—NEARER, NEARER, NEARER—*Blurred*! £7: Mrs. E. M. Templeton, 49 Paradise Street, Barrow-in-Furness: THE WHITE CLIFFS—THWARTING *Me*—PRICE TICKETS! £6: L. Muscutt, 61 Ryde Avenue, Nuneaton: NO LONGER NECESSARY—RAIN-MAKER—TRIBE PLAYS *Cricket*! £5 10s.: D. Morris, 147 Arabella Street, Cardiff: NO LONGER UNAPPROACHABLE—"BEAR"—BUT *Something* SMELLS! £5 5s.: H. A. Hope, 106 Helen Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne: BEFORE EVERYTHING—GOES DARK, "PENNY DROPPING"? £5: Mrs. M. R. Eves, 37 High Street, Wigton, Cumberland: ALMOST AN ACCIDENT—A MINUTE—TAKE TIME!

For the names of 40 further cheque winners, see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated October 9 and in JOHN BULL dated October 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday October 2, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,954 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,954, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Paint your walls with MURAC P.E.P.

PLASTIC EMULSION PAINT (P.V.A.)

YOU CAN USE THE ROOMS TWO HOURS LATER

Murac P.E.P., the new *plastic* (p.v.a.) emulsion paint for walls, dries out in under two hours, leaves no 'after painting' smell and needs no primer. It gives a fine quality, long lasting, 'dull-sheen' matt finish that is completely washable and scrubbable. Ask your dealer to show you the range of no less than **120 colours.**

By the makers
Brolac High Gloss and Murac Matt Oil Finish

NEW BOOK FREE! 30 schemes in full colour. Send coupon now.

(USE BLOCK CAPITALS)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Nearest town..... J.B.3

JOHN HALL & SONS (BRISTOL & LONDON) LTD · HENGROVE · BRISTOL 4

Why *MOTHERS* feel TIRED

The cause may be IRON-VITAMIN deficiency—

Because so many extra demands are made on their blood supply, women—especially *mothers*—suffer more than men from lack of IRON. Unfortunately the Iron obtainable from the average diet may not be enough to make up for all the Iron lost periodically as well as during pregnancy and in many other ways. The result is that you feel tired, nervy, breathless, run down and generally out of condition.

IRON ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

To restore your full health and vigour you *must* put the essential iron back in your blood. But your run-down system needs other help, too. That is why Dr. Cassells Tablets also contain such important ingredients as Copper Sulphate (to enable your body to absorb the iron), Calcium Phosphate (a valuable source of calcium and phosphorus), together with Vitamin B_1 (the energy vitamin) and Caffeine which have a tonic effect on the nervous system. If you are experiencing any of the symptoms listed below Dr. Cassells Tablets will enrich your blood with iron, tone up your whole system, and give you back—as it has done for thousands of others—the healthy energy that makes life worth while.

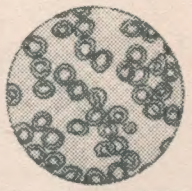


Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

REMARKABLE PROOF **Healthy blood contains between 4,500,000 and 6,300,000 red cells in every cubic millimetre. In a case where the red blood count was down to 3,800,000 *a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets increased the number to 5,300,000 in 32 days.* It is these red blood cells, remember, which contain the vital IRON your system must have to keep you well.**

TAKE* DR CASSELLS TABLETS *NOW

for Simple Anæmia · Listlessness · Nervousness · General Debility
Poor Appetite · Frequent Headaches · Constant Fatigue · Irritability
Sleeplessness · Inability to Concentrate · Susceptibility to Infection and Slow Powers of Recovery. *Prices 1/7 & 3/10*

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Take home some Walls there's such Variety!

So many flavours to choose from, so many ways of serving them—Wall's Ice Cream gives you plenty of scope for variety at treat-time and sweet-time.

Wall's offers a wonderful choice of real flavours: your old favourites—Vanilla, Strawberry, Strawberry and Vanilla, Chocolate, and Coffee in Family Bricks—and from time to time for limited periods 'Specials' in Family Bricks and Tubs.

And remember

Wall's Popular Special **1/-** (Vanilla)
Tubs **6d.** (Vanilla, Strawberry and Vanilla)
Choc Bars: Milk **6d.** Plain **4d.**
Brickettes: Strawberry & Vanilla **4d.** Vanilla **3d.**

N.B. Wrapped in newspaper before you leave the shop, Wall's stays firm 2–3 hours

AND FROM TIME TO TIME "Specials" EACH FOR A LIMITED PERIOD

CHERRY PIE

PINEAPPLE

BANANA

AVAILABLE IN FAMILY BRICKS 1/6 AND TUBS 6D

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH

ICE 360-80